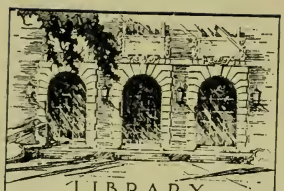

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MY DUCATS AND MY DAUGHTER

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FRANK MURRAY, 9 & 11 YOUNG STREET,
EDINBURGH.

Robert Mowat Esq.
With Rd. H. Kind regards.

Jan. 94.

MY DUCATS AND MY DAUGHTER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1884

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MY DUCATS AND MY DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE FACTORY OF THE FUTURE.

Some twenty years ago, Mr. William Lynn of Lynnfield was one of the chief manufacturers of Shawkirk, a thriving town in the Scottish Border district. Mr. Lynn was a kindly, open-handed man, neither very clever nor very industrious. His career, had he been born poor, would never have furnished a theme to preachers of the gospel of getting-on. But on his father's death he had been left at the head of a solidly-established business; and this, favoured by good times, had continued to prosper, somehow, under his own rather lax supervision. His fellow-capitalists, indeed,

failed to understand why success should attend one who wore the shackles of business so lightly, who dreamed away half his hours in a library, and whose head teemed with crotchets for the benefit of the Working-Man. However that might be, it was the fact that the Lynnfield works did a good and safe trade, and were as flourishing a concern as any in Shawkirk.

Then a report went forth that Mr. Lynn had decided to carry one of his fanciful schemes into practice. Shawkirk society was stirred to its deeps. No one knew what the Scheme was; but everyone knew that it was bad, mad, and fated to fail. With the Shawkirk manufacturers it was an article of faith that Trade should in no wise be alloyed with Philanthropy. There was a prevalent feeling among them that Mr. Lynn, in making any such attempt, was acting as a traitor to his class. They viewed his proceedings with extreme disfavour. "If he goes on like this," observed Mr. Macritchie of the Bridgend Mills, "he will do any amount of harm."—"If he goes

on like this, he will very soon come to grief," said Mr. Turpie of the Townhead Tannery.

No one deplored Mr. Lynn's perversity more bitterly than his brother-in-law, Mr. Peter Ingleby. This gentleman was the proprietor of a dye-work, which daily empurpled the stream on whose banks Shawkirk is situated. Mr. Ingleby was not by comparison rich. He had, moreover, a growing family; whereas Mr. Lynn had but one child, and was a widower.

Mr. Ingleby had done his best to show his brother-in-law the error of his ways, but in vain. Mr. Lynn was enamoured of his Scheme of Co-operation. He was bent upon making Lynnfield a model factory—a factory which should be as a beacon-light to other employers of labour—in short, the Factory of the Future. Already he had taken certain preliminary steps in the working out of the Scheme, by providing his hands with a library and a gymnasium, a bowling-green and a swimming-bath. The hands had not been particularly grateful for these boons. They had refused to

enter the library or gymnasium; they had wanted to play quoits on the bowling-green, and had traced the origin of all their maladies to the use of the swimming-bath. They disliked the idea of being petted and patronised. If their employer really wished them well, why did he not take the much simpler plan of raising their wages? Some of them regarded the whole thing as a kind of joke on a big scale. Others looked askance on the innovations, as foreshadowing a possible design on Mr. Lynn's part to take some fresh advantage of the sons of toil.

Mr. Lynn's next proceeding was to build a Hall in connection with his factory. This erection cost him a good deal of money. It contained a committee-room, recreation-room, music-room, reading-room, smoking-room, and a bar for the sale of unintoxicating drinks. The Hall itself was a spacious, high-ceiled apartment, with a platform, benches, and all things requisite for the holding of meetings. Here, in imagination, Mr. Lynn beheld his hands assembling nightly for the discussion

of politics and economics, and for conference with himself and with each other on the question of the common good. He had as yet made no public statement as to his intentions. But he had looked forward to the opening of the new Hall as his opportunity for doing so; and on the completion of the building, a placard affixed to the great gate of the Lynnfield Works announced this purpose to the hands. They were invited to gather themselves together on a certain evening, that they might hear from their employer himself an exposition of those co-operative principles which were henceforth to regulate their mutual relations. The work-people stared at the placard in stupid amaze; but the Shawkirk manufacturers, when they heard of it, were filled with anger and disgust.

These doings were terrible to Mr. Ingleby as an employer of labour. And it did seem, moreover, a hard thing that a rich widower, with interesting nephews and nieces, and an only son, in delicate health, should indulge in those costly eccentricities, and show himself

thus dead to the feelings which do honour to an uncle. Mr. Ingleby resolved on a last attempt by way of recalling his erring brother-in-law to a sense of duty; and walked up to Lynnfield, framing cogent appeals and simmering with indignation.

It was a sultry forenoon in July. As Mr. Ingleby drew near the Factory of the Future, he found the hands pouring out at the gates, and was told that Mr. Lynn had given his people a half-holiday on account of the ceremony of the morrow—the opening of the new Hall. This fresh extravagance embittered Mr. Ingleby's mood. Here were some three hundred work-people let loose—the men to drink, and the girls to parade the streets—doing nothing but harm to themselves, and making other employers' hands more discontented, if possible, than they were already. The Union Jack flying from the turret of the new Hall was, in Mr. Ingleby's eyes, a flaunting symbol of frivolity. The placard on the factory gate seemed an insult to the ties of kinship.

In the counting-house the indignant gentle-

man found only the chief-clerk, who was seated at his desk, with a heap of letters and invoices before him.

"Good day, Arden," said Mr. Ingleby. "I did not expect to find anybody here. How comes it that you are not taking an idle day, like the rest of them?"

"Somebody must look after the correspondence, you know," said Mr. Arden pleasantly. —"Wait a minute"—he added, as Mr. Ingleby was making for a door marked "Private"— "Mr. Lynn is engaged just now—he has some one with him, and they are not to be disturbed. Won't you take the newspaper, Mr. Ingleby?"

Mr. Ingleby took the newspaper, but apparently found nothing to interest him in its columns.

"Who did you say was with Mr. Lynn?"— he asked, after an interval of silence.

"Hume—one of our travellers. But they won't be long now, I should think."

Mr. Ingleby responded by a significant "Ah!" Then, after a pause—"I greatly

fear," he said, "that this Hume is a young man who is going wrong."

"Indeed! what makes you think so?"

"He belongs, like myself," said Mr. Ingleby, "to Mr. M'Candlish's congregation—that is, I should say, nominally. But for some months past, I have not once seen him in chapel. I know that he frequents most dangerous society. And I myself met him by chance only a few nights ago, when, I do not hesitate to say, he was under the influence of intoxicating drinks. I shall consider it my Duty" —Mr. Ingleby always spelt the word Duty with a capital letter, and pronounced it with the effect of one—"to warn my brother-in-law against that young man. I suppose his—ahem—irregularities have not escaped your observation, Arden?"

"So long as he does his work," replied Mr. Arden, "I have nothing further to do with him. Mr. Lynn, I know, has a high opinion of Hume. They have been together for nearly half an hour now"—he added.

Mr. Ingleby waited, with growing impa-

tience, for about fifteen minutes more. Then, remarking sarcastically on the value of *some* people's time, he rose, knocked at the door of the private room, and opened it without waiting for a "Come in." He could not suppress an exclamation of surprise at the scene which met his gaze.

Mr. Lynn was seated at a table, on which, amid a litter of papers, stood an allegorical group in bronze. Behind him was a life-size female figure in stucco, representing "Industry"; while round the walls were hung flags, floral devices, and festoons of evergreens. Opposite Mr. Lynn stood a very pale, very agitated young man, who broke off in the midst of an excited speech as Mr. Ingleby appeared. Mr. Lynn himself—a mild-looking man of about fifty years of age, with blue eyes and a light flaxen beard sprinkled with grey —seemed hardly less perturbed than his companion.

"Oh!—Ingleby," he said nervously—"I'll see you immediately—I'm engaged just now with Mr. Hume. It is a private matter—that

is, some private business we have to talk over. Will you excuse me in the meantime?—I shall not detain you very long."

"Flowers, statues, and a profligate in tears!' said Mr. Ingleby to himself, as he closed the door. "What does it mean? But it's of a piece with the rest of his doings. Only this much is certain—it can't go on. No, it can't go on."

Mr. Ingleby came back to his chair in the counting-house. He exchanged a meaning glance with the head-clerk, but neither spoke. The ticking of the office clock, the occasional rustle of Mr. Ingleby's newspaper, and the scratching of Mr. Arden's pen, were the only sounds heard. They seemed to accentuate the silence which hung over the whole idle factory.

There was a sharp contrast in appearance between the two men who were now consciously awaiting the result of the interview in the private room. Mr. Ingleby was in his fortieth year, and looked considerably older. His hair was in colour iron-grey, and had apparently the stiffness of iron. He had the

hard features and high cheek-bones of the North Country. Looking at that stern, almost granitic face, you could scarcely believe it capable of a smile save at the cost of severe muscular exertion. When Mr. Ingleby frowned—which was, in truth, not seldom—two ridges of bushy grey eyebrow ran into one, two cold keen eyes shot their glance from beneath, and certain wrinkles on the brow became furrows. Mr. Ingleby was what the Germans call *geradlinig*—a rectilinear man. His manners were formal, even to rigidity. If he ever unbent, in any moment of rare geniality, you listened instinctively to hear the crack. No colours save black and white entered into the master-dyer's costume. His garments were actually loud in their protest against Fashion. His stiff upright collar and large black tie seemed almost parts of the man. No eye save his wife's had ever beheld him divested of these symbols of respectability. Mr. Ingleby was, as it were, a living incarnation of Duty—a term which in his mouth commonly meant something disagree-

able to others, and consequently not unpleasing to himself.

Mr. Arden was about ten years younger than Mr. Ingleby. His features were good, though there were strong indications of sensuousness, not to say animalism, about the lips and eyes. His hair was dark, his face well-coloured; its prevalent expression suggesting at once affability, shrewdness, and self-possession. Mr. Arden had a singularly musical voice, and spoke with an accent that was not Scottish. He was undeniably a handsome man, who dressed well, and had what the Shawkirk ladies called "a fine manner." Mr. Ingleby, who held fine manners and fine dress in equal contempt, entertained a feeling of respect for Mr. Arden, based on his capacity for business and his attention to it. He had been heard to say that "Lynn had never done such a sensible thing in his life as when he brought Arden from the South, and took him into his counting-house"—and to prophesy that "that young man would get on."

Another quarter of an hour had passed

away. Then Mr. Ingleby was aroused from the gloomy reverie into which he had fallen by a sudden cry from Arden—

"Good God, Hume! what's the matter with you?"

Mr. Ingleby looked up from his newspaper, and saw the young man who had been closeted with his brother-in-law hurrying towards the head-clerk's desk. Arden's surprise was natural. Hume had left the counting-house an hour before, outwardly spruce, jaunty, and at his ease. Now, he was haggard and dishevelled, his eyes were moist, and the hand which he held out to Arden trembled visibly.

"Good-bye, Arden," he said. "I'm going —going for good. I shan't see you again—good-bye!"

"Where are you going?"—said the head-clerk, staring at him; "what does all this mean, Hume?"

"It means—well, you'll find out soon enough what it means. It means"—he went on excitedly—"that I've been speaking just now to the best and kindest man I'm ever

likely to meet in this world! And now, I'm off—this is no place for me!"

"Hold on!"—said Arden. "What makes you in such a hurry, man? Are we not to see you again?"

"No. I'm going right away. I'm leaving this for good, I tell you—for ever. Good-bye, Mr. Ingleby"—and he held out his hand to that gentleman also.

But Mr. Ingleby deliberately put his hands behind his back, and regarded the young man with a glance of most austere displeasure.

"Sir," he said, "you must allow me to draw my own conclusions from the painful scene of which I have been the unwilling spectator. I shall certainly not give my hand to a man from whose words and demeanour I can only infer that he has just been dismissed from his situation for neglect of duty—or worse."

Hume, in his half-dazed state, seemed not to heed, indeed, scarcely to hear, what Mr. Ingleby was saying. Without another word he passed out of the counting-house; and from that day Shawkirk knew him no more.

"I suppose he has been discharged for being drunk," said Mr. Ingleby. "It is only what I should have expected. I am glad, sincerely glad, that my brother-in-law has had the strength of mind to get rid of him. If he had been in my employment, that young man would have been dismissed long before this." And he began to cherish the hope that Mr. Lynn might even yet be recalled to a sense of his duties as an uncle and an employer of labour.

"You are surprised at these statues and wreaths and things, I daresay?"—said Mr. Lynn, when his brother-in-law joined him in his private room. "They are to be placed in the new Hall this evening. I explain my Scheme there to the men to-morrow, you know."

"I have heard that such is your intention," said Mr. Ingleby. "And I have come to beg of you once more, Lynn, not to do this thing. You may resent my interference—that I cannot help; I must do what I consider my Duty. My conscience will not allow me to stand by

without seeking once more to show you the error—the wickedness, I might almost say—of the course you are taking. Sooner or later, this thing means Ruin. If you have no care for yourself, think on your son—think on your —on your—"

"On my nephew, you would say?"—suggested Mr. Lynn, quietly.

"And if I did say that your relatives have a claim upon you before your workmen, I should only be saying what is right and just in the sight of God and man," said Mr. Ingleby, looking almost sternly in the other's face.

"You spoke of your conscience, Ingleby, a minute ago," said Mr. Lynn, mildly; "and I don't doubt that you are acting as your conscience bids you. But I, too, have a conscience. And my conscience will not allow me to go on any longer making money through the working of a cruel and iniquitous system—a system created solely in the interests of Capital—which grinds down wages to the starvation point, and must lead—"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Ingleby; "I have heard all that before. Talk about it, lecture about it, write about it, if you will—but don't, Lynn, don't for Heaven's sake try to carry it out at Lynnfield. Is it not the case that the firm that fidgets does no good? And this!—this is not fidgetting—it's rank communism, anarchy, revolution—it's unsettling everything, upsetting everything, and breaking down a business which it took your father a life-time to build up!"

"Now, would you just listen to this?"—interposed Mr. Lynn blandly; and he produced some loose sheets from a drawer in his writing-table. "I have here worked out what I take to be a thorough refutation of the old fallacy that wages are paid out of capital. You may have noticed that, not unseldom, when wages are low, interest is low?"

Mr. Ingleby responded by a gesture of impatience.

"Now, notice how this fact bears on my theory that wages are *not* paid out of capital, but out of the product of the work-

man's labour. This fact about interest shows—"

"Oh, we don't need to go into that now," said Mr. Ingleby. "The fact is, Lynn, you live far too much in that library of yours. What you say may be reason in a library, but it is arrant nonsense in a counting-house.—By-the-bye, I suppose you have dismissed that man Hume?"

"Well, yes. I have."

"There you did right—quite right. I am glad that you have found him out, before he has done any more harm in the place. I suppose you *did* detect him in his evil courses—getting drunk, and so on?"

"No—not exactly. It's a painful thing to speak of, and I'm not sure that I have acted rightly, after all. But I may as well tell you, Ingleby. The fact is, he made a mistake about money."

"Embezzled, you mean?"

"Well, you might put it so. The poor soul was tempted by associating with men richer than himself—the old story. He was an able

fellow, too, and good at heart; and he worked well for me for many a long year—since he was a boy, almost. When I think of it all, I fear that I have been harsh. And yet, it would not have been fair to others—"

"What would not have been fair? What, may I ask, have you done with this—this criminal?"

"I was afraid that if I kept him on here he might fall again under the same temptations, and perhaps—who knows?—have led others astray. I thought it my duty to Society to send him away from this—abroad, where he can make a fresh start. Indeed, that was his own wish. So he sails for Australia before the week is out. But I don't feel comfortable in my own mind about it. Perhaps I have not made sufficient allowance for his youth—for his circumstances. Perhaps I should not have done this, after all."

"Of course you should not," said Mr. Ingleby; "there cannot be the shadow of a doubt as to that."

"I liked to see him at my house, too,"

Lynn went on; "and he was always such a special friend of little Arthur's. The whole thing has pained me more than I can say. It is most unfortunate—I feel thoroughly upset—and there is that Address hanging over me which I am to deliver to-morrow."

"I suppose you have paid his passage out?"

"Oh, that is all arranged."

"And given him money besides?"

"You may be sure I did not send him away quite destitute. He will have sufficient for his outfit, and something over and above to make a fresh start, out there—away from his old temptations."

"I thought so. How much, may I ask, have you been robbed of by this—this felon?"

"A mere trifle—not £100. By the way, Ingleby, I had rather you did not call him a 'felon,' and so on. Technically, you may be right—but it jars on me, you know. Yes, he confessed all, poor lad. The sum is nothing in itself; you see, it is the principle."

"I wonder you did not take him into part-

nership!"—cried Mr. Ingleby with withering irony. "That would at least have been better than taking all the men in! And you call this acting on principle—doing your duty to Society! Your duty, Lynn, let me tell you, was plain. You say that you want to make Society better, and you begin by allowing a thief to escape! Not content with that, you give him the means of starting on a fresh career of crime, where his true character is not known! It is simply deplorable.—I am glad of one thing," he added, after a pause—"I am glad I did not shake hands with him!"

From the subject of Hume's delinquency, they returned to the subject of Mr. Lynn's Scheme. They discussed it long and hotly, and with the old result. Mr. Ingleby, the practical man, departed victor in the argument; leaving Lynn, the theorist, unshaken in his belief that he had worked out the Millennium from statistics.

Next evening Mr. Lynn set forth his Scheme to a mystified audience of weavers, tenters, porters, engineers, and mill-girls, whom he

declared to be the pioneers in a great Movement, by which the claims of Capital and Labour were to be brought into everlasting harmony. His hearers did not understand what he meant, but they felt that if there was to be much speech-making of this kind under the new order of things, they would require a compensation for listening more solid than floral decorations. There was a general agreement among the hands that such compensation should take the shape of an immediate rise in wages.

From that night Mr. Lynn completely altered the tenor of his life. Instead of trusting the management of his works, as he had hitherto done in great measure, to an excellent staff, he was himself constantly present in the factory. He insisted upon altering the lines on which the business had been conducted; and his alterations were not improvements. He seemed to have become possessed by the spirit of teasing meddlesomeness. He directed the engineers how to economise their steam-coal, and the clerks their blotting-paper. He spared

neither time nor money to make his cherished Scheme a success, and his efforts were not long in leading to striking results.

Before three months had passed, Mr. Lynn had contrived to quarrel with his manager, who had served both himself and his father well. He replaced him by the head-clerk, Arden, who studied his master's character to the neglect of his interests. Mr. Arden's promotion brought with it a share in the business. The new manager soon made himself necessary to Mr. Lynn, and showed a zeal in the cause of co-operation apparently not less fervid than his master's.

Then came a period of dulness in trade. The hands had never understood Lynn's Scheme; but they understood what was meant by working half-time at reduced wages. They did not mind sharing in the good, but they strongly objected to sharing in the evil. And so they began to look on their Employer—as they persisted in regarding Mr. Lynn, despite all his protestations—with suspicious or contemptuous dislike.

The business began to go down-hill. Neither Mr. Lynn nor his manager had the technical knowledge required to conduct it with success; and though the latter strove to atone for this want by a high spirit of commercial daring, his ventures did not bring profit—at anyrate, to the copartnership.

The more obstinately Mr. Lynn strove to work out his theory, the more complicated became the state of his affairs. He soon found that he must make great sacrifices, if he would keep the promises he had held out to his partners—the men. He made the sacrifices, and kept the promises. He reduced his personal expenditure to a minimum, and adopted a style of living which was, by comparison, mean. The consequence of this was that nearly all his old friends dropped away from him; while the drain on his purse continued.

Then occurred an event which seemed to the Shawkirk capitalists, who had been watching the lapse of Lynnfield with undissembled glee, as the beginning of the end. Mr. Arden,

after two years of managership, resigned his connection with the Factory of the Future, and departed for London. Evidently, the ship must be going down.

This defection was a heavy blow to Mr. Lynn. The whole burden of the Scheme now pressed upon his own shoulders, and he felt the business slipping through his hands. There was none to assist him. Indeed, the other manufacturers, who looked on him as the common enemy, had formed a kind of 'ring' against him, and cut him out of the market so far as they could. His balance at the bank dwindled away, and at last he had to draw on his credit. As things grew darker and darker, the incessant planning and brooding began to tell upon his brain. The once mild and even-tempered Lynn became fretful, moody, even morose. There was, indeed, no small degree of truth in what the Shawkirk capitalists said of him—that "Lynn of Lynnfield had become a monomaniac."

At length the end came. Three years after the opening of the new Hall, Mr. Lynn died

a broken-hearted man. The subsequent investigation into the state of his affairs occasioned general surprise. That he should have lost, and lost heavily, was what everyone expected. But that in three years Mr. Lynn of Lynnfield, who had been reputed a man of great wealth, should have brought himself to the verge of bankruptcy, surpassed the gloomiest anticipations of even Mr. Ingleby. Yet such was the case. The fortune which fell to Mr. Lynn's only child, after all liabilities had been met, amounted to rather less than £1000. A few months more, the capitalists said, and he would have died insolvent.

There were those in Shawkirk who connected the name of Mr. Arden, ex-manager, with the disaster which had overtaken Mr. Lynn. He, it was said, had made a good thing of Co-operation, if nobody else had; and had gone out of the concern just at the right moment for himself. Others, again, held that there was no valid reason for ascribing Mr. Lynn's failure to anyone but himself. He had simply "muddled away his money," and "torn up a

fine business by the roots;" and though the time taken up by that operation was certainly short, the Scheme had been mad enough to account for anything. Mr. Arden was a clever man, who had tried to keep Lynn right, until obliged by the latter's obstinacy to give up the task in despair. So said Mr. Arden's friends, of whom he had quite a number. For success never failed to make friends at Shawkirk; and Mr. Arden had been a successful man. Returning to London not quite empty-handed, and being backed up by a stock-broker named Chevenix, whose daughter he had married—he himself went upon 'Change, and in the course of a few years gained credit and renown as a successful speculator. The fame of his financial operations extended even to Shawkirk, where his old associates magnified his wealth into something fabulous, and spoke of him as an honour to the borough.

Mr. Ingleby found himself appointed, under his brother-in-law's will, sole guardian and trustee of Lynn's only child. Mr. Ingleby discharged his trust faithfully and not un-

kindly. The money left by Mr. Lynn was prudently invested. The boy was brought up in his uncle's house, where he was much beloved and petted by his aunt and girl-cousins. In due time he was sent to a good boarding-school in the city; and afterwards, in accordance with his own desire, became a student at a Scottish university. Mr. Ingleby agreed to this latter step—which he would never have thought of in the case of his own offspring—less out of regard for his nephew's wishes, than from a conviction, amounting to certainty, that the elder Lynn's business incapacity had descended at least in equal measure to his son.

Arthur Lynn's patrimony might have been considerably increased had it been found possible to dispose of the Lynnfield works. But the period of depression in trade, which had set in before Mr. Lynn's death, lasted for some years afterwards, and no purchaser came forward. Before trade revived, the factory had fallen out of repair, and modern improvements had left it behind in the race. Capitalists came, looked at Lynnfield, shook their heads,

and built them new mills elsewhere. In course of time the Factory of the Future became a dismal ruin—towards whose smokeless chimney-stalk Mr. Ingleby was accustomed to point when perorating on the follies of philanthropy.

CHAPTER II.

AN IDLER IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

"I AM almost beginning to wish I were on board the steamer now. The last hour before saying good-bye is always the worst part of it."

"You won't forget your promise about writing, Arthur? We are to have long letters from you—how often? Once a week, is it not?"

"I am not likely to forget any of my promises to *you*, Gertrude. Of course I shall write long, very long letters. I daresay that will be the surest way to make you wish I were back again."

"That will be in October?"

"Without fail. I must be home in good time for the Exam. you know."

"Oh, Arthur, I do so hope that you will pass!"

The speakers were a girl of twenty-one and a young man of twenty-three; the scene being the parlour in Mr. Ingleby's house at Shawkirk. The young man was Mr. Ingleby's nephew, Arthur Lynn; and the girl was his elder daughter, Gertrude.

Mr. Ingleby's parlour was one of those rooms which seem to be specially prepared for the delivery therein of funeral sermons. The windows, which were partially shrouded with dusky curtains, commanded an uninterrupted view of a high, blank walk, some dozen yards distant. The carpet, hearth-rug, and table-cover were worn and sad of hue. The chairs, arranged symmetrically round the walls, were covered with black, slippery haircloth. The sofa, which suggested anything rather than repose, was protected against visitors by specimens of crochet-work, and faded heir-looms wrought in wools. The furniture was all of black mahogany; and would have been described in an auctioneer's catalogue as

'substantial.' The walls were panelled in dark oak; and covered, above the panelling, with a dingy brick-red paper. They were further adorned with illuminated Scripture texts, and with a number of portraits of Dissenting Church Fathers. Mr. Ingleby's parlour was not a beautiful room, nor a cheerful room, nor even a comfortable room; but at least it was—what more modern apartments seldom are—a room with a character of its own.

Gertrude Ingleby was a rather tall girl, with fine features and a graceful form. Her hair was dark brown; her eyes were grey and limpid, and full of a soft seriousness. Her complexion was clear and pale, relieved by the bright red of the lips. Miss Ingleby, without being a beauty, was beautiful. Her loveliness was of the winning rather than the dazzling type. Half her charm lay in her pure unconsciousness of self.

Arthur Lynn was tall; good-looking; rather dark than fair, with bright frank eyes, and a peculiarly pleasant smile. An Ob-

server once classified his fellow-beings into men who think, men who feel, men who do neither, and men who do both. Lynn, to judge from his face, belonged to the last of these categories. Both his expression and manner had a kind of surface carelessness about them, which was apt to mislead those who do not look below the surface. They would most likely have said of Lynn that he was a young man who did not think very deeply, nor feel very acutely. In this, however, they would have been wrong. There were others—his guardian, Mr. Ingleby, among them—who said of Arthur Lynn that he showed a lamentable want of steadiness. "He seems as incapable of thinking seriously on any topic," Mr. Ingleby had said of his nephew, "as he is incapable of standing still." At present, however, Lynn was standing quite still; and his face, as he gazed at the blank wall which shut off the view from Mr. Ingleby's parlour-window, betokened thought —deep, and not altogether pleasant.

Arthur Lynn was at this moment in the position of one who has carried his point, and now half regrets it. He had lately completed his third session as an Arts student at a Scottish University. His course had been a distinguished one, ending in a fiasco. After gaining high honours in other subjects, he had failed to pass in the last of his examinations —that in mathematics—and had consequently been unable to take his degree. Now it was a matter of great importance to Arthur Lynn that he should take his degree within the next twelve months; and having failed in spring, he must make another attempt in winter. It had occurred to him that the intervening time might be filled up by taking a summer Semester at a German University. He had, accordingly, come to Shawkirk, and represented this view of the matter to Mr. Ingleby.

Mr. Ingleby's ideas on the subject of German Universities were limited, but definite. One of these institutions he believed to be at a place called Heidelberg, where they drank

beer and fought with swords; the other, at a place called Tübingen, where they drank beer and did not believe in the Devil. Mr. Ingleby declined to see that any advantage could be gained from a sojourn at either of these seats of learning. There might be others—he would not deny it; but if so, he knew nothing of them, and had no doubt they would be equally objectionable. To go abroad in this way would cost money, of which his nephew had none to spare—much less to waste. Then Mr. Ingleby suggested a tutorship, by way of filling up the vacation usefully. But Lynn would have none of the tutorship. For the present he stayed on in his uncle's house—which he had been taught to regard as his home—as it was supposed, reading mathematics. He had at first been inclined to resent having his plans thus thwarted. But before many weeks had passed, he seemed quite reconciled to the prospect of spending the vacation in his native town.

Then, all at once, Mr. Ingleby executed a change of front. He took up the German

University idea, which had been allowed to lapse, and pressed it with what, for him, amounted to ardour. It had come to Mr. Ingleby's knowledge that there was another University town, called Leipsic, where disbelief and the duello, if not altogether extinct, were less rampant than elsewhere. He would consent to his nephew going there; that would be better, at all events, than spending the summer months in absolute idleness. So, after much discussion, the matter was settled; and now that the day of Lynn's departure had come, he found himself awaiting the hour of his going with a lack of hilarity which he would not have deemed possible a few weeks before.

"I could never have believed," he said, "that I should be so sorry to leave this town —any more than I could have imagined that my uncle would have agreed so readily to my leaving it. His opinions on the German Question have matured with wonderful rapidity!"

"He knows," said Gertrude, with a quick

blush, "that it is better for you to study abroad than to waste your time in Shawkirk. Even I find it tiresome, at times. And it must be far worse for you. You have no companions here—at least, you had none before Mr. Morton came."

"I did not find it tiresome at all, I assure you—even before Morton came. I know I shall often wish I were back again, before October. How I shall miss you, Gertrude!—you all, I mean. I shall picture you sitting in this dull old room, while I am seeing all those foreign towns, with their castles and cathedrals and galleries. Perhaps, Gertrude, some day—who knows?—we shall see all those things—together."

"We shall all miss you a great deal, Arthur," said Gertrude, hurriedly. "But I am glad you are going, for your sake. You will work hard at mathematics, will you not, even though you don't like them? I know you will do that!"

"Of course I shall work hard, at mathematics,—and other things. I intend above all

to get a good hold of the language. There's what they call an English colony at Leipsic, you know, but I intend to avoid all the English people over there. I shall associate with Germans, and Germans only. Then, perhaps, when I come back, we shall read Schiller together. If so, I shall feel that I have not studied in vain!"

"You will make me believe that father is right when he says you have no 'earnestness', Arthur."

"I won't have you believe anything bad of me, Gertrude! I can't afford to do without your good opinion. And, seriously—I do intend to work up German in a most 'earnest' spirit."

"You know how anxious father always has been about you—how much he wishes you to succeed."

"Oh, yes. Unfortunately, his idea of success is almost the same as my idea of failure. I am afraid, Gertrude, that but for you he would have given me up as hopeless, long ago."

"You know, Arthur, you believe nothing of the kind."

"Well, I know this, that many a time when I have ruffled him, you have smoothed him down. But for you, I might have been sitting on a three-legged stool at this moment, making a mess of somebody's ledger—you know who it was that brought him to see my peculiar fitness for a college course. And I believe, Gertrude, that you've been playing the good angel again—though perhaps I am not so grateful to you as I ought to be. I believe that had it not been for you he would never have agreed to my going to Germany."

Lynn said this with a smile, and looked down at his cousin, who was standing by his side at the window. But Gertrude had turned away her face.

"Gertrude"—said Lynn at last, as she still kept silent—"have I offended you, just before we must say Good-bye?"

"No"—the girl said, her face still averted—"oh, no—how could you have done that? . . . I wonder why father and Dick have not

come from the works! They should have been here before this time."

"Do you know," said Lynn, "I have been thinking—since it was decided that I should go—thinking that I have never lived for more than a few weeks at a time without seeing you, and now I shall be for months away. I never felt till now how much you were to me—how much you have done for me. Gertrude—"

Here the door opened, and Lynn dropped his cousin's hand, which he had taken in his. Mrs. Ingleby sailed into the room, and with her Caroline, her younger daughter.

"Why, Arthur!" said the latter, "have you and Gertrude not finished admiring the view yet?"—and she glanced at her sister's face, then at Lynn. "Oh, I see—you have been rehearsing your adieux in private, you two!"

"Well," said Mrs. Ingleby, sinking back upon the parlour sofa as she spoke, "we have finished your packing, Arthur, and I do hope you will find everything right. If anything has been forgotten, you must just write for it.

But oh, dear!—oh, dear!—how I wish you were not going away at all!"

Mrs. Ingleby was a mild, placid-looking lady of middle age. In her youth she had been a handsome blonde, of a somewhat exuberant type. Time had dealt gently with Mrs. Ingleby, save indeed as to her figure, which no artifice or effort on the part of her dressmaker could make other than portly. But there were no wrinkles on the white brow, no grey hairs in the flaxen-brown 'front,' no crows'-feet round the light blue eyes. It may have been that in her early days Mrs. Ingleby had possessed the faculty of thinking for herself. If so, it had not survived her union with Mr. Ingleby. That gentleman on all occasions relieved his wife of the necessity of forming an opinion—which was one reason, probably, why she was so much the better-preserved of the two; in her case there had been no wear and tear of the tissues.

Caroline was now eighteen years of age. She had small, regular, well-cut features, laughing blue eyes, and an abundance of wavy

chestnut hair. It was commonly said of Mr. Ingleby's two younger children, Caroline and Dick—and not without truth—that they were 'spoiled.' In the 'spoiling' of Caroline Mr. Ingleby had collaborated with his wife. He had always found it difficult to withstand his pretty daughter's coaxing ways. Under her influence many things undreamt of in Mr. Ingleby's philosophy had come to pass—the introduction of works of fiction into that serious household — sundry concessions to fashion in the matter of female attire—a sea-side villa at Sprayton. Caroline was quite conscious of her power, and claimed the privilege of doing and saying, within certain limits, what she pleased. She had a sort of notion that, being pretty, she was somehow absolved from the trouble of being good in many of the ways wherein plain people must seek to expiate facial defects. And thus she twittered gaily through life—like a charming piece of porcelain, animated by the spirit of a magpie.

"Oh dear!"—cried Mrs. Ingleby, continu-

ing her wail—"how I wish, Arthur, your uncle had never changed his mind about your going abroad! I'm sure I don't know why he did. I can't help thinking that it is safer for a young man to stay at home, among his friends, than to go and live among strangers, and foreigners, on the Continent."

To Mrs. Ingleby's inward eye, it should be said, the Continent presented itself as a great Plain, studded with crucifixes and card-tables, where men with black moustachios and false titles existed by the plunder of Cook's tourists.

"I'm sure, mamma," said Caroline, "I don't know what there is to be so melancholy about. I think Arthur is to be *envied*, getting away from this stale old place. I wish *I* had the chance of going abroad—I mean to, some day."

"Caroline!" — feebly expostulated Mrs. Ingleby.

"Here's Papa at last!"—cried Caroline, who had gone to the window. "And, I declare, Mr. Morton with him!"

"Mr. Morton!"—said Mrs. Ingleby. "He must have come to bid you good-bye, Arthur. I am glad of it—he will help to cheer me up, and the girls, after you are gone."

Hereupon there entered Mr. Ingleby, his son Richard, and a dark, sunburnt young man, a few years older than Lynn, dressed as a mate in the mercantile marine.

On the outward man of Mr. Ingleby, the years had not wrought much change. His face was a trifle harder and thinner; the furrows on his brow were deeper, and the bushy eyebrows and iron-grey hair were sprinkled more plentifully with white. But there had been no dimming of Mr. Ingleby's eye, nor abatement of his natural force. He was one of those men who begin by looking old at forty, and then scarcely seem to age at all in the next score of years.

Between Mr. Ingleby and his son it would have been difficult to detect the faintest trace of a resemblance, in countenance or in character. Dick—he was 'Richard' only to his father—was short, stout and rubicund. As

the Shawkirk people said, he "featured his mother"; but there was on Dick's face an expression of latent cunning, of which Mrs. Ingleby's countenance was guiltless. Dick's cunning was exercised for the most part in shirking his duties at the Victoria Dye-Works, in wheedling stray sovereigns from his mother, and in concealing his peccadillos from his father. He was, in truth, a determined pleasure-seeker. In vain had Mr. Ingleby striven to subdue this eager spirit to the routine of a drab-coloured domesticity. Dick turned to dissipation as naturally as a sun-flower turns to the sun, or a duck to the water. He garnered up in secret rich stores of forbidden knowledge. The birds of the air seemed to whisper to him the lyrics of the music-hall. Under grave disadvantages, he kept well abreast of the latest developments of slang. And Dick was not without ambition. In his higher imaginative moods he had visions of a London billiard-room, thronged with gilded youth, in which—after tantalising an opponent with hopes of easy victory—he should sud-

denly put on an inimitable, dazzling 'break,' and witch the world as a ball-compeller. This budding reprobate was now in his twentieth year; and already Mr. Ingleby's old friends were shaking their heads and asking men to mark their words, while they foretold with grim glee how "that lad would vex his father yet."

"So you're away at last, Arthur!"—said Morton. "Do you know"—turning to Mrs. Ingleby and her daughters—"you are all sitting there and looking as sad as if Arthur were 'bound for the Rio Grande' at least, instead of merely going off to have a good time on the Continent?"

This speech jarred on Mr. Ingleby. He had wished to give his nephew an earnest valedictory address. Indeed, it had been a question with him whether a service of prayer ought not to precede the young man's departure. Clearly, that was now impossible. He resented Morton's presence deeply. It tended to lessen the solemnity befitting the occasion.

"Arthur," he said, ignoring Morton's remark, "I suppose it is not necessary that I should endeavour to impress on you further the seriousness of the step you are taking. I trust that you will be industrious and economical—you yourself must see the absolute necessity of *that*—and that you will hold yourself entirely aloof from the frivolities of foreign life. I do not know that I have acted altogether rightly in giving my consent to your going abroad. I can only hope that you will never give me reason to regret having done so."

"Oh, I wish you would give up going even yet, Arthur!"—cried Mrs. Ingleby, almost in tears—"it is not too late. I am so frightened when I think of your being all alone among foreigners. I'm sure"—she added, turning to her husband—"I don't know *why* you agreed, after all you said about that dreadful Continent! The things you told us were enough to make one's flesh creep—and, after all, to think that you should let Arthur go!"

Mr. Ingleby bestowed on his wife an angry

frown; but apparently did not think it expedient to defend himself further.

"Not go!"—said the sailor. "Oh, that would never do. Look here, Arthur!—that boat of yours doesn't clear for a couple of days yet, does she?"

"No, but I have some arrangements to make in town."

"All right. Now, I've an idea. I shall make the run over to Hamburg with you—"

"Why, may I ask, should you do that?"—inquired Mr. Ingleby sharply.

"Well, you see, I know the ropes there. I was there once or twice before I shipped in the *Salamanca*. I'll show you round the Sanct Pauli quarter on a Saturday night, Arthur. Yes, I've plenty of time—the old boat won't be out of the graving-dock for a fortnight yet. I'll go!"

Mr. Ingleby's brow became clothed in thunder.

"You seem to forget, Mr. Morton," he said, "that my nephew is not going from home on a pleasure excursion."

"Of course, I know that—but isn't that just one reason the more why he should have a little—"

"Innocent recreation"—suggested Lynn.

"Yes. A little—well, a little fun, you know, before he settles down to a steady pull at his work?"

"It is not a reason to my mind," said Mr. Ingleby. "My nephew, sir, is not circumstanced like you—he has his way to make and his bread to earn in the world. I have—partly against my own judgment—consented to his studying in Germany. He believes that it will do him good to see foreign towns. I do not believe that. I believe that a man can see all that is needful—all that is good and useful for him, *here*"—and Mr. Ingleby indicated the blank wall confronting his windows.—"But, as I said, I have consented. I do not know, nor do I desire to know, how you employ yourself when you land at foreign ports—"

"Oh, I know!"—interrupted Caroline. "You hire donkeys, and horses, and tumble

off them—and you fly kites over steeples, and climb up them—and the people all cry 'Jack ashore!'"

"Silence, Caroline!"—said Mr. Ingleby, severely. "These things are not a fit subject of conversation for a girl of your years. As regards your proposal, Mr. Morton, I can only reiterate my opinion that enjoyment—in *any* form—would simply throw Arthur into a wrong frame of mind, at a most serious juncture in his life."

"I should be sorry if it did that, of course," said Mr. Morton.

"My nephew," continued Mr. Ingleby, "has not yet entered on the work of bread-winning. Until he is at least self-supporting, he should think nothing of the so-called pleasures of life."

"I think you are too hard on Arthur," interposed Mrs. Ingleby. "You forget how he worked last winter, and the prizes he took. And even since he came here he has not been idle—he has read German every day with the girls."

"Oh, that reminds me, Arthur," said

Caroline—while Mr Ingleby acknowledged his wife's remark by another angry glare —"when you write, don't forget to send us more songs. And remember—I want the whole of the Herring that loved an Oyster!"

"You want the whole of *what?*"—asked Mr. Ingleby.

"It's a song, papa—such a funny one!—'A Herring loved an Oyster.' I mean to learn it. Arthur has been translating German songs for us, you know."

"I did *not* know," said Mr. Ingleby; "and I trust"—he added, turning to his nephew—"that when you reach the scene of your labours, you will redeem the time of your visitation to some better purpose than in trying to make one word rhyme with another. Remember, Arthur, I beg of you, what is your life—it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Use each day as if it were to be your last—and you will not waste the precious hours in making poetry. It was for that, I believe,

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that you gained the prize which your aunt has spoken of?"

"It was. There is no denying it. But it will never occur again. And, really and truly, the Professor was more to blame than I was."

"I do not understand what you mean. But it appears to me, judging from the results, that your time would have been much better spent in the study of mathematics. I cannot see that this prize will be of any service to you, in your future walk in life. What, can you tell me, is a prize for poetry worth? And what is poetry?"

And Mr. Ingleby shook his head, and looked round as if challenging his household to furnish him with a sufficiently contemptuous definition.

"I'm afraid we have hardly time to go into that now," said Lynn—"here is the waggonette at the door. Well, then, Morton—are we, or are we not, to meet on board the *Breslau?*"

"Arthur," said Mr. Ingleby, "it is my

earnest desire that you should *not* meet Mr. Morton there. If you do, I can only say—though I fear that my saying so is not likely to influence your decision—that I shall regard your conduct with the deepest sorrow and—displeasure. And this I say from no prejudice against Mr. Morton."

Lynn said nothing, but his face showed the annoyance he felt. Involuntarily, he looked across the room towards Gertrude, expecting that answering glance of sympathy to which he was accustomed in his little differences with his uncle and guardian. But Gertrude was not looking his way. She had caught Mr. Morton's eye; and her lips were rounded into an unmistakable 'No.'

"Oh, I shan't insist on going," said the sailor; "I don't want to raise up any disturbance on my account, I'm sure. But I really don't understand you, Mr. Ingleby—that I must say."

"It is not necessary that you should," said Mr. Ingleby. "I thank you, however, for having yielded to my view of my

nephew's interests. I shall now be able to part from him in a truly friendly spirit."

Lynn made no further remonstrance. Again he looked at his cousin; and saw that the anxious expression which her face had worn during the foregoing discussion was changed into one of relief, almost of gladness, as Mr. Morton renounced his purpose of leaving Shawkirk. "I suppose she does care for him," he thought within himself; "perhaps, after all, it was as well I had not the chance of saying what—I might have said."

Here Lynn's attention was called away to his cousin Dick, who was jogging his elbow and twitching his sleeve in a furtive but determined manner. Dick's face, during that farewell hour, had been a picture of anxiety and distress. Indeed, Mrs. Ingleby afterwards remarked that she would not have expected such a display of fine feeling, even from Dick. And Dick's anxiety was genuine. During the bustle attending the conveyance of Lynn's luggage to the waggonette, he at last

succeeded in withdrawing his cousin upstairs, to have just three words with him in private.

"I say, Arthur, old man," he began, "you're an awful good sort, you know—and—"

"How much is it this time, Dick?"

"Well, I would not ask you, Arthur, if I could possibly help it—you know that—but the fact is, if you can't give me a hand, I'm —well, I'm burst. I got the tip to back the Canister colt for the Biennial, and he'd have pulled it off all right—but the infernal jockey was caught napping, you know—didn't come till it was too late—and—and could you let me have a fiver? I'll send it over to Leipsic in a fortnight—see if I don't."

"No, I can't—it's no good, Dick. Besides, I have barely enough to carry me through till I get to Leipsic."

"But what am I to do, then? Oh, this is dreadful! The fellow that put it on for me has cut up rusty—says he'll go and get it from the governor, if I don't cash up to-morrow. It's a debt of honour, you know!

I thought you would have helped a fellow—when you're going off to have a rare time abroad too."

"Richard!"—called Mr. Ingleby from below.

"I say, Arthur, for God's sake, see me through this time—it will be the last, I swear to you! My mother's cleaned out, and I'll have to go to Gerty if you don't—though I'm afraid she's in low water—got next to nothing herself, just now."

"I can't afford it, Dick, as you know very well. But look here—rather than have you plundering Gertrude, I'll send you what I can from town."

"How much, do you think?"

"Three pounds. I can't do more—and even that will run me very tight."

"Couldn't you make it three ten?"

"Certainly not. Now, *will* you let me go?—you'll make me miss the train. No, no—you needn't mind thanking me. I understand all that."

"I *am* grateful, of course—you know that

—though I hate making a fuss about a thing" —mumbled Dick, as they went down-stairs. "Well, Arthur is a soft fellow!"—he said within himself. "How is his sending on the cash to keep me from borrowing from Gerty? I suppose he's soft on Gerty—confound his impudence! A fellow without a sixpence! It's a sin that he should be let travel about and enjoy himself, and a man like *me* made to stay and grind on here!"

Five minutes more, and Lynn was being driven off in hot haste to the station. One glance backward at the group on his uncle's door-step showed him Mrs. Ingleby dissolved in tears, Caroline kissing her hand, and Mr. Ingleby looking texts. Dick had disappeared, presumably to indulge his emotion in secret. Gertrude was waving her handkerchief, and Morton stood close by her side. This was the last thing Lynn saw, before the waggonette turned the street-corner, and his relatives were lost to view.

"Well," said Mrs. Ingleby that evening, when she was alone with her husband, "I

hope it may all turn out for the best. But I do not think it can be a good thing for Arthur to go so far away among foreign people, with no one to look after him. He has never been used to that."

"It is *not* a good thing," said Mr. Ingleby; "of that I am as well aware as you can be."

"Then why did you send the poor boy away? He was quite content to remain here with us, I'm sure."

"No doubt," answered Mr. Ingleby drily. "It is not, I say, a good thing for one such as he to go where he is going, among Sabbath-breakers and profane persons. But it was my Duty to permit, nay, even to urge his going. It would have been a still worse thing for others had he remained here."

"How could that be? I declare I do not understand you in the least!"

"No — but I shall explain. Had you, Matilda, been less blind to the interests of your family, you would have needed no such explanation."

"What!—blind to the interests of my

family!"—cried Mrs. Ingleby, with the nearest approach to indignation of which she was capable. "What have I done that you should say such a thing?"

"I refer more particularly," said Mr. Ingleby, "to the interests of your elder daughter."

"Of Gertrude?"

"Yes. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but there are certain things which my Duty constrains me to say. Had Arthur remained here, as you begged him to do, he would have spent the summer months in—'making love'—such is, I believe, the customary phrase—to your elder daughter. That has been clear to me for some time back, though apparently you have failed to perceive it."

"Well, you are quite wrong there," said Mrs. Ingleby, mildly triumphant; "why, I saw it all the time!"

"You—you saw it all the time?"—repeated Mr. Ingleby; and there was written on his face the lusting of the natural man after strong language, doing battle with the

exigencies of creed. "You saw it all the time, and did not raise a finger to prevent it?"

"No—why should I? Especially as I think dear Gerty is fond of him. Any one might have seen how pale she has been all day, and going about as quiet as a mouse. Poor girl! —I am so sorry for her!"

Mr. Ingleby's brow became black as night. He opened his mouth to speak, but apparently words failed him for the moment. Then he took two turns round the room, and came to a halt in front of his wife's arm-chair.

"You speak," he said sternly, "as one of the foolish women speaketh. Do you not see that such a thing must not be thought of? Do you not see that it would bring down misery on your daughter? Do you not see *that?*"

"N-no," quavered Mrs. Ingleby; "I do not see it. I am very fond of Arthur. He is my poor brother's only son. Why should he not—"

"Why?"—exclaimed Mr. Ingleby. "Why? Because he is, I tell you, no fitting mate for a

daughter of mine. Because he is an Idler in the Market-place!"

"You have no right to say such dreadful things of Arthur," said Mrs. Ingleby, now in tears. "He is not—what you call him."

"I also," said Mr. Ingleby, "have an affection for Arthur Lynn. How could it be otherwise? He is near of kin to you—he has been under my charge since his boyhood. He is of a generous nature, and never told me a lie. But all that does not blind me to his defects. I have warned him against these, but he has turned a deaf ear to my warnings. The way of a fool is right in his own eyes!"

"I'm sure Arthur is not a fool. He is very clever—everybody says so."

"Everybody does *not* say so—though it would not influence my opinion if everybody did. And as regards the possibility of his—marrying Gertrude, his cleverness is not the point at issue. He has no money, and is never likely to have any. He has the same flightiness which ruined your unfortunate

brother. He will be a Thorn to all with whom he is connected. What is to become of him when the money left him by his father is expended, I cannot say. I groan when I think of it. Already there are not two hundred pounds remaining, and yet he fails to realise the uncertainty of his position. He shows no anxiety to become self-supporting."

"There is the scholarship," said Mrs. Ingleby.

"To be competed for a year hence! And if he gained it—a result which his failure to pass in that last examination makes, I should say, problematical—what then? A scholarship is not an annuity for life—it is only a means to an end. What is to come after?"

"He talks of the English Bar," said Mrs. Ingleby.

"He talks of many things," rejoined her husband, "and does few. The English Bar! —you do not know what that is; neither do I. But I know that it means starvation."

"I always thought that Arthur should be-

come a minister. He likes to speak, and he would look well in a gown."

"That is absurd. He is absolutely unfitted for the work of evangelisation. There was a time when I thought otherwise—when I suggested to him that he might become one of our own pastors. On that occasion, I remember, he answered me that he was an Erastian. That was what he said—an Erastian!"

"He did not mean that seriously, I am sure," said Mrs. Ingleby, shaken by the awful word,—"he must have been joking."

"Such was not the impression he left on my mind—though he is, I am well aware, capable of jest upon such subjects. When I asked him to what he would turn, if not the work of the ministry, he said he had some thoughts of becoming a Wine Merchant. Such were his words."

"It is *such* a pity, as Gertrude always says, that Arthur has no money!"—said Mrs. Ingleby.

"I do not agree with Gertrude, nor with you. Had his father died a rich man, your

nephew's disposition would still have been the same. If he had a fortune to-day, he would squander it to-morrow. He has no business capacity at all; I doubt if he could even add up a column of figures correctly. He is his father's son, all over.—You remember what he did last year, when the hands were out on strike, and we were trying to break the Union ?—how he gave money to the wife of a Union man? It was very painful for me, I can assure you, to meet the other employers after that. For, of course, that man Turpie came to hear of it, and accused me behind my back of being concerned in the matter too."

"I remember it quite well. Gertrude said the man had been ill and out of work before the strike began—and had a lot of little children."

"That has nothing whatever to do with the principle involved. Women cannot be expected to understand such things, but a young man of your nephew's years might have shown more common prudence. But

of that he has none. He will, I fear, do little good in life. He has no earnestness of purpose. It grieves me to say so—and to know that I cannot, in justice to my own flesh and blood, have him to sojourn again under this roof."

"I think you are very cruel," whimpered Mrs. Ingleby.

"Not so," said her lord, in tones of unshaken resolve; "it is you who are foolish and blind. I am only doing my Duty—at some cost to myself, but it shall be done. You, Matilda, have also a duty to discharge. And remember—not a word of this to Gertrude. I believe that you are altogether wrong in your surmise, but in any case there is no occasion for disturbing her peace of mind. Anxious as I am on Arthur's account—desirous that he should walk uprightly and stumble not in the way—yet I am relieved this night, to think that he is gone!"

CHAPTER III.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

All the world of Leipsic was on Schimmel's Teich. The Teich is a great, square, shallow basin, fed from the sluggish river that flows near by. There is an artificial island in the middle, with a restaurant called Buen Retiro. Thither people resort, during summer, in boats, during winter, on skates—for the purpose of drinking beer.

It was a Skating Fête that had brought all the world of Leipsic, that January evening, to Schimmel's Teich. Chinese lanterns swung from the trees around the lake, torches darted hither and thither across its frozen surface; the restaurant buildings were a blaze of light. A confused, mirthful noise rose from the ceaselessly-moving throng, and vibrated

through the keen, tingling air—the ring of a thousand skate-irons, voices loud and low, shout and laughter, with a chorus of Saxon gutturals to it all. A regimental band on the island was playing Strauss's waltzes. In the intervals of the music, cries of "Kellner!" and answering cries of "Gleich"—accompanied by the clanking of beer-jugs on the table—came thick and fast from the Buen Retiro.

On the verge of the lighted space round the island, two young men were standing, motionless among the ever-moving figures. They had no skates on their feet; they were not, apparently, listening to the "Wellen und Wogen" waltz; their backs were turned to the restaurant and its allurements. It would not have taken a very acute observer to pronounce these young men certainly British, and probably Scotch.

They stood without speaking and watched the crowd of skaters that swept by—soldiers, students, and 'Philistines' of every calling, with their sweethearts, wives, and daughters.

Now a tall officer glides solemnly past, his hand raised in salute every other minute to the peak of his forage-cap. Then comes a stout 'house-father,' puffing and blowing behind the sleigh-chair in which he pushes along his still stouter wife. Then a group of students, capped in white, red and blue, rush aimlessly by, uttering strange cries. Next comes a popular actress with her suite —one sub-lieutenant bearing her muff, another her scarf, a third her shawl. Near at hand, some half-dozen couples are endeavouring to waltz on skates, amidst shouts of merriment. Then there is an accident, followed by the Teutonic equivalent for an altercation. One student, skating along with his demoiselle, has cannoned against another, skating along with his; and both are overthrown. They pick themselves up, salute each other with extreme courtesy, exchange cards, and pass on. Blood will be spilt on the morrow—not in any very serious quantity—as a consequence of this misadventure.

"It is a lively scene," said the younger

of the young men, who had been observing the shifting throng with a wistful gaze.

"It *is* lively, certainly," answered his companion, in a tone that did not imply approval; "it *is* lively—but it seems to me that is the best you can say for it."

"I think it's too bad of you, Stronach," said the other; "even though you won't put on skates yourself, you might have helped me to hire a pair. I'm sure *I* can't see any possible harm in making a round or two of the Teich, or whatever they call it. *I* am not licensed yet—though you are. And this is not Shawkirk!"

"Ah, Robson, that ought to make no difference. The things that are wrong after taking licence must have been wrong before. And what you would not do in your native town, my dear Robson, you should not do here."

"Don't preach, Stronach—I'm not worth your while. Of course what you say is all right enough; but still, you know, one must do at—"

"If you begin with that maxim two days after you land in the country, I wonder where you will be at the end of six months! I brought you here, Robson, to show you how these people prepare themselves for their Sabbath duties. To-morrow, I shall show you how they perform them. I certainly did not expect that you would wish to join in this scene. I am glad your ignorance of the language has kept you from *that*."

"Well, there are ever so many Scotch and English fellows on the pond, I'm sure—"

"The more shame to them," said Mr. Stronach decisively.

Just then a sleigh-chair dashed across the space of light in front of the restaurant, passing the two young men so closely that they had to draw back to avoid it. There was a young lady in it, dressed all in furs. She was lying back in the chair, so as to hear more easily. The young man behind it was bending forward, so as to speak more easily in her ear. He, also, was capped, caped, and

gloved in furs, after the German fashion; but his speech was English.

"Shall we stop, to hear the music?" he said, slightly checking the speed of their progress.

"Oh, no! I am sick of Strauss, and this is too delightful! Please go on—but do take care of the natives! Have some respect for their feet!"

This was said as they passed in front of Mr. Stronach and his companion. The young man looked up, and greeted his countrymen with a slight nod of recognition.

"Those are not Germans,"—they heard him say, as the sleigh-chair shot out again into the darkness.

"Well . . . . . !"—remarked the youth Robson, after a pause of astonishment. "I say, was that really Arthur Lynn?"

"Yes," said Mr. Stronach curtly; "that was Lynn."

"I hardly knew him again—he's not like the same fellow. And I say, Stronach, who was that with him? What a lovely girl!

What a perfect face! Do you know her, Stronach?"

"I cannot say that I know the young lady, but I know who she is. She is a Miss Arden—an English girl, studying music here."

"At the Conservatoire?"

"No—she's only studying for pleasure, I understand. She's one of R—'s pupils—seven thalers an hour. They say her father is fabulously rich. He would need to be."

"And how has Lynn managed to pick her up?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'picking up' a young lady, Robson. But she is seen everywhere with Lynn. They are always walking together or skating together, or—I am told—dancing together and going to the theatre together. Everyone here talks of Miss Arden—her beauty, her dresses and her cleverness—and her constant companion."

"Lynn's a lucky beggar, it seems to me."

"Does it? I should hardly think, however, that he can be quite satisfied in his own mind."

"How do you mean? He seemed to be enjoying himself pretty well just now."

"He seems to do nothing else but enjoy himself—that is what I mean."

There was a short pause, during which Mr. Stronach's companion appeared to be digesting this last remark. Then,

"I say," he began, "what would old Ingleby think if he were to see his nephew here to-night? He's even more strict about these things than you are."

"Mr. Ingleby, I happen to know, is in great anxiety on his nephew's account. Before I left Shawkirk, he made me promise to see Lynn as soon as I reached Leipsic, and to write him from time to time as to how he was getting on."

"Then have you seen much of Lynn since you came?"

"As much as Lynn could not help. We were never great friends at college, you know; and here our paths are different. But I have heard plenty about him."

"And will you write to his uncle about —about Miss Arden?"

"I have written," said Mr. Stronach, "in a general way. His uncle, I know, wishes him to leave Leipsic; but so long as this girl remains, he will too."

They were now making their way off the lake, and were too much occupied in avoiding collisions with the skaters to continue their talk. But when they had reached the bank, Robson took up the conversation again.

"They used to say at Shawkirk," he began, "that Lynn was very fond of his cousin Miss Ingleby, and that they would make a match of it. Do you think there was ever anything in it?"

"I know there is nothing in it now," said Mr. Stronach. "From what I have heard, I should think that Mr. Ingleby would be altogether opposed to such a thing."

"Well, you ought to know, being so intimate with them—but everyone said it, I remember, when Lynn was last there."

"I tell you it is not the case," said Mr. Stronach; and then turned the conversation to the subject of the Continental Saturday Night.

Meantime the sleigh-chair was threading its way through the crowd, but more slowly now than before.

"You are very silent, Mr. Lynn," said the young lady, turning her head a little, so that Lynn could see the contour of the delicate cheek against the dark furs she wore. "And you are not taking my breath away, as you did."

"Am I not? Well, hold hard, and I shall 'rush you along,' as Mrs. Overend would say."

"No, don't. Rather let us talk. Who were those men you nearly ran down in front of the *Restauration?* Friends of yours?"

"No—not friends. One of them was the young parson who preached in the American chapel, that Sunday evening we went there —Stronach."

"I remember him. He is a horrid man. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I'm not sure that I have any profound affection for Stronach. He is a perfect specimen of the prig ecclesiastic—one of those fellows, you know, whose very soul seems to be in a clerical stock."

"And the other?"

"A man of my year at college. He and Stronach, as it happens, both come from Shawkirk—my native town, you know."

"So that was what made you so silent all at once! They reminded you of your native town—which, by the way, I think you told me you detested?"

"So I do, cordially."

"But not all the people in it?"

"Oh, no—not all."

"There are some, perhaps, you rather like than otherwise?"

"Yes, that is so."

"And there is perhaps *one*, Mr. Lynn—though you have never told me *that*—whom you—"

Here the sleigh-chair ran into the middle of a group of students, who, seeing the young lady, began to apologise profusely for being in the way. "*Ach Gott! Sehen Sie mal! Die schöne Engländerinn!*"—these exclamations reached the ears of Lynn and his companion as they passed on, and made both of them laugh.

"I told you that was the name they had for you," said Lynn.

"And now, of course, I am bound to believe you!"

Here a voice was heard behind them, shouting "Herr Lynn! Herr Lynn!"

"It's that tiresome fellow Von Bernstein," said Lynn, bringing himself to a stop; "what can he be wanting now?"

Here a tall young German, in the blue and silver uniform of a cavalry officer, skated up, and did elaborate obeisance.

"Fräulein Arden—Herr Lynn"—he said—"a thousand pardons! But I have been sent in search of you by Madame. It is Madame's desire that you should join in a

quadrille, which we are going to dance on the ice."

"But that is ridiculous, Herr Baron!"—said Miss Arden. "How can one dance on skates?"

"But it is Madame's desire," repeated the young officer.

"Then of course we can but obey. Come, Mr. Lynn—be good enough to conduct me to my chaperon!"

Guided by the Herr Baron, they proceeded to another part of the pond. On the way, Lynn heard Von Bernstein, who was skating by Miss Arden's chair, request the honour of the young lady's hand in the dance.

"Oh, yes," Miss Arden said; "I shall be very pleased to dance with you, Herr Baron, or skate with you—whichever it is."

Here Lynn became keenly alive to the absurdity of German titles, and to the ludicrous want of room in a German cavalry uniform.

Presently they reached a group of people—all young, and nearly all English or American

—the dominant spirit in which appeared to be a small lady with a pale smiling face, and very dark, bright eyes. She was dressed in mitigated mourning, and looked a little, but not much, older than the rest of the party. This was Mrs. Overend—known, and deferred to, among her set as 'Madame'—the rich American widow who queened it over the colony for the time—who gave little supper-parties, arranged dances and excursions, and chaperoned any number of young ladies all at once.

"So, Herr Baron," she said, "you have captured the runaways! Camilla, I shall scold you in private. But I must ask you, Mr. Lynn—do you think it right to run off in this way with one of the young ladies who are under my care? You must plead guilty at once, sir, and promise never to do so again!"

"I plead guilty," said Lynn, "and promise not to do it again—without permission. But Miss Arden has been quite safe, I assure you. We made the tour of the pond, and had only three collisions."

"You might have made the tour thrice in the time, it seems to me. Now, Mr. Lynn, you must be punished. You shall be my partner in this quadrille!"

"I shall be breaking my promise, and doing it again, if you punish me that way. But where is your music to come from, Mrs. Overend?"

"Oh, that will be all right, I guess. Herr von Bernstein knows the bandmaster, and they are going to play a set of quadrilles. Now, all of you take your places—I can see the great man raising his baton, and looking our way!"

Mrs. Overend's quadrille was not brilliantly successful. To catch your skate in a crack of the ice, and fall prone in the act of bowing to your partner, is not a pleasant experience for any gentleman. This misadventure befell one of the party; and his was not the only casualty of the kind. Then other skaters, singly or in couples, rushed from time to time among the dancers, and threw the figure into confusion. Long before

the Finale was reached, dancing on skates had been voted a failure and a bore.

"You must set us something else to do, Mrs. Overend!"—"Do let us stop before there is a fatal accident!"—"My arm is wrenched quite out of joint!"—"I have lost a skate!"—expostulated the dancers.

"I shall never try this again," said Miss Arden aside to Lynn—"at any rate, not with Herr von Bernstein for a partner. He has sprained my wrist, and torn my dress with his horrid spurs. Fancy skating in spurs!"

"I have an idea," said Mrs. Overend. "We have had enough of crowding and coloured lamps. Let us leave the fête, and go up the Pleisse instead! That will be so much more romantic."

"Capital!"—said some of the party; "yes, let us go up the river!"

"But will it be safe?"—asked one young lady, rather nervously.

"Safe? Why, it is frozen right away up, and the ice is at least a foot thick, I know."

"But it will be so dark among those tall trees! And there is no moon."

"That is a pity, of course; but there will be as much light as we are likely to want. Don't you think so, Mr. Lynn?"

"I think whatever you think, Mrs. Overend."

"And you, Herr von Bernstein?"

"As Madame wishes it."

"So, then, it is settled; we shall go—or rather, you gentlemen will take *us*, in chairs."

It seemed a matter of course that Lynn should find himself again behind Miss Arden's chair. Mrs. Overend, in marshalling and arranging her party, had not needed to arrange that.

At first they passed between houses and under bridges; the Pleisse, in this part of its course, being exactly like a canal. The party kept as close together as the breadth of the river would allow, and there was plenty of talk and laughter, at any rate among the ladies. A stiffish breeze was blowing down the river, and the men needed all their breath

to drive the chairs against it. There was some talk of a race home, with the wind behind; and some jesting about the prize to be given to the winner.

By-and-bye the houses of the suburb became more sparse, and at last were left in the rear. The river wound between low banks, on which the brushwood and sedges stood white and stiff with frost. Looking back, they could see in the dim hazy light that overhung the city the spires of the churches, and the dome of the citadel. Then they entered on that long straight reach of the Pleisse, where it doubles its breadth, and crawls more sluggishly than ever between banks densely wooded. Now its current was bound with firm, black ice; the trees, rising gaunt and bare, threw the sides of the river into dark shadow; the topmost branches were duskily outlined against the sky, and the starlight, quivering through them, rested only on the centre of the stream. Up the reach of the river the darkness was broken here and there by splashes of ruddy light which tra-

velled downwards — the torches of skaters who had been up to Connewitz, and were now returning. These, as they passed the Anglo-American party, exchanged a friendly '*Guten Abend*,' which the banks re-echoed strangely. Then the sounds of singing were heard, far up the river. Presently a cluster of torch-lights appeared at the bend, and the voices became more distinct. It was a party of students, singing to the immortal air of 'Prinz Eugen' a patriotic *Lied* of their own —how once König Wilhelm sat at Ems, quietly drinking the waters, and meditating only of peace, and

> "*Da trat in sein Cabinette*
> *Eines Morgens Benedette,*
> *Den gesandt Napoleon.*
> *Der fing zornig an zu kollern,*
> *Weil ein Prinz von Hohenzollern*
> *Sollt' auf Spaniens Königsthron.*"

They had got to the verse about the "*grrrande nation*"—sung with immense sarcastic effect —as they met and passed the sleigh-chairs. The flare of the torches lit up the river

from bank to bank, and the voices rang clear through the frosty air. Then light and sound swept on together, and died away far down the stream.

"Let us go on to Connewitz," said Von Bernstein at last; "it is but an English mile further."

"That you may get Lager Bier, Herr Baron?"

"Truly," replied the Baron gravely; "and that you may get coffee, Madame. They have all things very good at the Drei Lilien, I assure you."

Then the point was debated, and carried against Herr von Bernstein and the other gentlemen of the party. The ladies, protected by furs and veils as they were, felt the wind too nipping and eager to be faced longer. And they professed themselves impatient for the proposed race and its excitement.

"A pair of gloves, Camilla—twelve button—on the Herr Baron!"—cried Mrs. Overend, behind whose chair Von Bernstein was on duty. The wager was promptly taken up. The tall young German loosened his belt, tightened

his skate-straps, drew himself up proudly, and prepared for victory. A minute after, the chairs were turned, and the race began.

"Now, Mr. Lynn," said Miss Arden, "I expect you to bring me in an easy winner! I know how fast you can go."

Scarcely had she spoken, when one of Lynn's acmes slipped from off his foot, and went spinning towards the bank.

"Confound it!"—said the gentleman.

"How provoking!"—said the lady.

There was nothing for it but to go in search of the lost skate. Several minutes were spent by Lynn in groping about in the darkness; at last he found it, and came back with it in his hand. By this time the rest of the party were out of hearing.

"You cannot overtake them now," said the young lady; "we are out of the race, Mr. Lynn."

"And you have lost your gloves."

"Oh, that does not matter. I shall win them back at *Vielliebchen.* Mrs. Overend always loses at that game."

"So I should imagine. But do you know what Mrs. Overend will say about this little accident?"

"No. What will she say?"

"She will say it was a 'put up thing.'"

"Meaning, of course, that you were afraid to race against Herr von Bernstein?"

"Of course. But I was not really, you know. It all comes of skating without heel-straps to one's acmes."

"Next time you take me up the river you must have heel-straps, Mr. Lynn."

"Next time—but when will that be?"

"Why, it is not going to thaw, do you think?"

"I hope not," said Lynn; "this is much more pleasant."

They went down the river by no means at racing speed. The wind carried them smoothly on, almost without need of exertion on Lynn's part. For some time neither spoke; and nothing broke the deep silence that hung over the river and the woods save the slight noise made by Lynn's

skates, and by the runners of the sleigh-chair.

"This is the luxury of motion," said Miss Arden at length. "One feels, sitting here and seeing nothing but the darkness ahead, as if one might glide on for ever! They may say what they like of the Pleisse—that it is muddy, stagnant, and a ditch. But I shall always love it!"

"And I, too. It was here I met you first."

"But the Pleisse looked very different then, did it not?"

"Yes; it was in May. The trees had their fresh leaves on then, and the woods were full of flowers. You remember that picnic party? How we rowed down by moonlight, and heard the nightingales calling to each other across the river?"

"Yes, I remember it. Mrs. Overend told me that I should meet a young Scotchman named Lynn, who had newly come to Leipsic."

"And me, that I should meet a young English lady, a Miss Arden—do you know,

it seems to me as if a life-time had passed since then?"

"And yet, it is only seven months, after all!"

"But such months! They have been a succession of fair days, as your favourite poet says."

"Yes—and we have contrived to bear them, in spite of Goëthe. I shall always look back on them—you, no doubt, will forget."

"I shall not forget, and you know it. Camilla, I must say a word to you, now, if I am ever to say it. Those days have been the most beautiful thing in my life to me. But how I am to look back on them, rests with you."

"Why should you speak of that just now?"

"I must speak of it just now. I must say to you what I have often said before, though not perhaps in so many words. If we are to part, I shall think my life worthless without you."

"Surely you need not talk of parting, now? You are not going away?"

Lynn could not see the girl's face, which was turned away from him. But he thought he knew what its expression must be—half-playful, half-tender; a look he had often seen on it before. And the voice in which she asked her question was very low and soft.

"No, I am not going away—at least, not yet. But you may be going from me. Tell me, Camilla—those days of ours *have* been too short to you?—as they have to me?"

"Yes," murmured Camilla. Lynn was now bending over her as she sat, so that his breath stirred in the loosened tresses of her hair.

"And must they come to an end?"—he whispered in her ear.

"I—I do not understand you. You are very mysterious to-night, I think. Why do you vex yourself with such thoughts, now—and—and me, too? Why not let us go on, as we have always done?"

"You know that cannot be," said the young man, drawing back. "You are trifling with me, I think, Camilla!"

"Now I have made you angry, without

meaning it. I know you are reproaching me in your thoughts, and I cannot in the least think why. What is it?—tell me now, this moment, or I shall think you want to quarrel!"

"God knows that is not what I want, but it is what I begin to fear. Is this true, what Mrs. Overend told me yesterday—and what you have never told me—that your father is coming here?"

"Certainly it is true. I—I was going to tell you. Why should I not?"

"That I do not know. But I know this, Camilla, that things have not been between us, these last days, as they were before. I have seen the shadow of a change."

"That is pure fancy. I am *not* changed to you—"

"And never will be?"

"No—that is, I do not think so. Who can answer for the future?"—she went on, almost as if pleading by anticipation for herself. "Who can tell what things may happen?"

"That is why I have resolved to speak to you to-night. When your father comes—"

"Why will you always speak of that? His coming need make no difference. I don't suppose he will be more than twelve hours in Leipsic altogether, on his way back from Berlin. He only wants to make sure that I am still alive. I know so well how it will be!—'So, here I am,' he will say; 'glad to find you looking so well.' Then he will take me out and buy me something, and go off by the next train. That is his style."

Lynn thought it was a curious style, but made some allowance for the play of fancy in the description.

"It is the merest chance his coming here just now," Miss Arden went on, after a slight pause. "It need make no difference."

"But it *must* make a difference—that is what I want you to see as I see it. Camilla, I must meet your father while he is here."

"Of course you will meet him—that is, if you wish it."

"That is not what I mean. There is some-

thing that I must say to him—if you give me leave. Without that, I can do nothing —except to go, and never see you again. Camilla, you know what I must say."

"Yes, I know it," the girl said, in a voice that scarcely rose above a whisper.

"Think well before you answer me. Remember that the happiness of your life, perhaps, and certainly of mine, are in your hands just now. Camilla, our days here have been like a happy dream—you can make them a reality by one word. I think I know your heart—I think that you love me, as I love you. I have kept back nothing from you. I have told you that I am poor."

"Yes, yes—you have told me that."

"And you think you understand what that means?—what it is for a man to be poor?"

"Oh, yes, I understand it."

"And your father, I know, is rich. But I shall go to him without fear or shame, if you speak that one word. Camilla, tell me—am I to go?"

There was a minute's silence, during which

Lynn bent over the back of the sleigh-chair, now gliding with the wind very slowly down the river. At last the answer came—"Yes."

"And I may tell him that you have given me your love?"

"Yes . . . you may tell him that, too."

"And that you will never change—that you will never take back your word to me?"

"I shall tell him that myself, Arthur"—and she turned her face towards him for a moment, so that he could see the shining of her eyes, lit up as he thought they had never been before.

"My love!" he said, "you have made me more happy than I can tell you. Now we are sure of each other!"—Then Lynn sent on the sleigh-chair with such an impetus, that Mrs. Overend and her party were not kept waiting above ten minutes for the lingerers.

Mrs. Overend lived in a *pension* in the Königstrasse, of which Miss Arden was also an inmate. On the way thither, Lynn walked by the American lady's side, carrying her skates. She had, he thought, less to say

for herself than usual. She looked almost serious.

"Mr. Lynn," she said abruptly, "I wonder if I may use the privilege of a friend with you?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Overend; I am sure you may do that."

"Mr. Lynn, I like you very much—there, that's what I call being frank. Next to Americans, I like Scotchmen; and of all Scotchmen I have ever known, I like you the best."

Lynn smiled, and thanked the lady for her good opinion.

"And so, because I like you, I am going to speak a word of warning. Of course you know now what is coming?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"When one sees a man paying such attentions to a young lady, you know, one draws certain conclusions. I may tell you, Mr. Lynn, that had Miss Arden been entrusted to my care by her friends, I should have interfered long ago. But that is none of my

business—it is of you, not of her, that I am thinking. It is for your sake that I want to speak a word. I hope you won't misunderstand me?"

"No, no; I shall not do that. You are very good."

"Well, I have lived for the last ten years in Europe, a summer here and a winter there. And I know what goes on in the 'colonies'—two people meet every other day for six months, and they get to like each other very much, and then they go off when the hot season begins or the cold season begins, according to climate, and don't ever intersect one another again. It doesn't do for birds of passage to think of nest-building, Mr. Lynn."

"Not as a general rule."

"Well, to take the particular case—I don't want to say anything against Camilla, and I don't suppose you would listen to me if I did. She's a dear, charming girl, and I've got to like her *so* much. But, you know, Mr. Lynn—men trust men; women never

trust women. That is why I am saying this, at the risk of offending you."

"You will not offend me, even if I can't agree with what you say."

"Very good. You have told me, oftener than once, Mr. Lynn, that you have your way to make in the world yet."

"That is certainly true."

"And I believe that, with your powers, you have a career before you—at least, you would have in the States, where we ain't so crowded. But you have not begun yet. Now—a failure in love is a bad thing to start upon."

"Why do you speak of failure, Mrs. Overend?"

"I shall tell you—and I *do* admire your patience with me, Mr. Lynn; I do indeed! —Of course you have told Camilla that you are—well, not rich?—Yes! I knew you would. And she of course said that that was nothing to her?—Yes! Well—reflect, Mr. Lynn, that a girl like her does not know what poverty is. She does not think you

really poor. You have lived here—where a *thaler* seems to go almost as far as a sovereign in London—just like everyone else. Poverty! —why, she does not realise that drives, and bouquets, and stalls at the opera, are beyond the dreams of a poor man—in England. Here, they need not be; but there, they are."

"Of course I know that," said Lynn.

"That is why I told you that Mr. Arden is coming here. I knew that Camilla had not said anything about it. She shrank from it, and I do not wonder."

"Why do you not wonder, Mrs. Overend?"

"She knows, of course, what sort of man her father is—what his views are, and what he would say about—about—well, you know what."

"Then you are yourself acquainted with Mr. Arden?"

"Not intimately, but I do know him—well enough to know him. He was mixed up in business, somehow, with my late husband. And he was most civil to me, while I was in London."

"Then, what sort of man is he? I wish you would tell me that."

"I will tell you, Mr. Lynn—I am glad that you have asked me. Mr. Arden, so far as I understand him, isn't the man to let his daughter marry on a primrose ring and a love-rhyme. I don't think I need say any more than that—and now, tell me that you aren't angry with me, for having said so much?"

"No, no—how could I be that? I know that you have spoken out of kindness, and nothing else."

"That is so," said the American lady. Not a word more passed between them, until they came to the Königstrasse, and said Good-night.

Mrs. Overend's warning had given Lynn food for serious reflection, and made him feel for the moment somewhat low-spirited. But Camilla's way of bidding him Good-night went far to restore his confidence. There was a quick pressure of the hand, and a whispered word:—"Papa comes on

Sunday night. He will stay at the Hotel de Prusse." It needed no more than this to send Lynn home in a mood of joyous excitement.

His rooms were in the Sternwartenstrasse, three stairs up; so that their rental did not make a large hole in his income. He found his stove lighted, and all his books and papers laid out on the table, ready for work. But Lynn did not feel disposed for work, just then. He lowered his lamp, lit a cigar, and threw himself on the sofa; and then, in the dusk and quiet, began to think it all over.

All the details of that scene on the frozen river came back to him with vivid clearness, and wrought in him a kind of ecstasy. The tone of the girl's voice, as she murmured "Yes"—the droop of her head—the subtle fragrance of her hair—all were as distinct in his memory as the word itself. No, he would not doubt her, let the wisdom of this world say what it pleased. "Women never trust women"—that might be true; but he

would trust Camilla. That he might not appear an eligible suitor to Camilla's father was probable enough; but had she not promised—or as good as promised—that she would never change?—would never take back the word she had spoken? Then he began to picture to himself his coming interview with Mr. Arden; and to outline the manner in which he would state his case and urge his suit. He must be prepared to meet objections—that was certain. But then, he was sure of Camilla. How little did Mrs. Overend understand her—and how thoroughly did he!

There was a knock at the door; and the servant brought him a letter.

He recognised the hand-writing of the address; it was Mr. Ingleby's. There were two circular notes in the envelope, and nothing else—not a line, not a word. Lynn knew what this meant. It meant that his uncle was very angry.

Mr. Ingleby had some reason to be angry; Lynn acknowledged that to himself with a

twinge of self-reproach. He had not returned to Scotland in October, thus breaking through the arrangement that had been made, and putting off the evil day of the examination for another six months. Of late also he had been remiss in writing to his friends; and to each of his letters there had been a postscript, requesting a remittance. He had been spending a good deal of money in these last months—at least, a good deal comparatively. Those drives and opera-stalls and bouquets to which Mrs. Overend had alluded had cost something, no doubt; his uncle, of course, would say too much. Well, the scholarship would make that all right. Then Lynn cast a glance at a packet of books which lay on the top of his secretaire, with the dust of months upon it. They were works treating of such subjects as geometry, algebra, and conic sections; and he had never opened one of them. A young man in love does not fly to equations; he finds German poetry, as a rule, a more congenial branch of study. Lynn had been

reading a good deal of poetry lately; more than that, he felt that he had been living it. He could scarcely expect his uncle to enter into his feelings. Perhaps Mr. Arden would prove more sympathetic. Well, forty-eight hours would show that—Mr. Arden would be in Leipsic to-morrow night, and he would go to him on Monday.

CHAPTER IV.

A COINCIDENCE.

"My dear Lynn, what's the good of looking so broken-hearted over it? Aren't there lots more of scholarships, and such things, that you can go in for?"

"My dear Morton, you know nothing about it. It happens that there are no more scholarships that I can go in for. And if there were, I would not go in. I mean to cut the whole thing."

"Oh, nonsense. Why, I was plucked the first time for my mate's certificate—three seconds wrong in my chronometer time did it—but *I* went in again, and passed all right."

"The cases are hardly parallel, I fancy."

These remarks were made on board the *Chloe*, a small cutter yacht owned by Mr.

Morton, in which the two friends were running up the frith towards Sprayton. It was a fine afternoon, early in May. A stiff westerly breeze was blowing, and the cutter slipped fast through the water. The ropes and wire-stays sang in the wind, and the foam ran humming and bubbling astern. Ever and anon a dark shadow would race over the water from windward, and then the boom creaked and the mast dipped, as the yacht swerved from her course, luffed into the wind until the passing of the summer squall.

Some three months had passed since Arthur Lynn's return from Leipsic. The result of his German studies had more than realised Mr. Ingleby's gloomiest forecast. He had been plucked in mathematics, without even going through the formality of giving in a paper. He had consequently been debarred from so much as competing for the Paxton Scholarship, which—had he gained it—would have yielded him a revenue of £150 per annum for three years—

but which, unfortunately for Lynn, was open only to graduates in Arts. This result had grievously disappointed his college friends, who believed, and not without reason, that he would have carried off the Paxton—the Blue Ribbon of Academe—had he only been able to satisfy the demands of the examiners in mathematics.

"Yes," said Lynn; "whom the gods chasten, to them they grant the desires of their hearts."

"What on earth do you mean by *that?*"—asked the sailor.

"You remember how eager I was, just a year ago, to get to Germany? Well, if I had never gone there, I might this day have been the proud holder of the Paxton. I never told you, Morton, what happened to me at Leipsic, but I don't mind telling you now."

"Well, what happened to you there?"

"Various adventures. One of them was with a rich stockbroker, who had a daughter. I fell in love with the daughter, and stated

the case to the stockbroker. I suppose I must have been mad; he evidently thought so. The situation in itself was not novel, but he made it so by his excessive candour."

"What did he say to you?"

"He paid me the compliment of saying that I was the most remarkable young man he had ever met, and that I would yet go far. The thing I spoke of was of course impossible, and did not need to be discussed. But he would be very pleased to regard my visit as a friendly call, and to learn my views on the state administration of railways. Being unable to enlighten him on this question, I took my leave."

"Well!"—ejaculated Mr. Morton.

"The curious thing is—I learned it only the other week, when I was at Shawkirk—that this man Arden was once a clerk, or something, in my father's employment."

"Arden? Oh, I have heard of him before. They say he means to stand for the Boroughs, as soon as Fletcher retires."

"So I heard."

"And what did the girl herself say to all this?"

"I never had the chance of speaking to her again. Two days after my interview with the stockbroker, they left the place together."

"Well, you seem to have got over it now, anyhow. When a fellow can joke about a thing, as you do, it shows he can't be very far gone."

"You think so? I suppose that people do get over those things. All the same, it cost me the scholarship."

"How?"

"How? Because for a month after I didn't open a book—because I could think of nothing else than that girl—because I can think of nothing else still. Do you suppose it is the loss of the scholarship that has made me such a cheerful companion?"

"Well, I did think it would be a serious thing for you."

"It *is* a serious thing—but I tell you, Morton, at this moment I seem past caring for that or for anything else. Why, only the

other day my uncle told me things that would have made me as dismal as himself, a year ago. But I didn't seem to mind them a bit. I believe my calmness disappointed him horribly."

"What things did he tell you?"

"That, as you would put it, I haven't a red cent in the world. All the money my poor father left me, it appears, is now gone."

"What? Do you mean to say that you had no notion of that before? Did your uncle never tell you how your affairs stood?"

"Not a word, till I came back from Germany."

"There, it seems to me, he did very wrong."

"I'm not sure of that. I don't believe I should have lived my life a bit differently, even if I had known. As for my uncle, it is his opinion that my present lack of means is a Blessing. So long as I have any money to fall back on, he pointed out, I shall do nothing to become 'self-supporting.'"

"How does he mean you to support yourself, now?—What else did he say to you?"

"First of all, he gave me what he called an

account of his stewardship. He brought out a lot of papers with figures on them, and told me to look over them, and add them up. But I said it was no use—I could do nothing with figures. Then he gave me a lecture—an uncommonly mild one, by the way—about the responsibilities of life."

"That wouldn't do you much good, I reckon."

"No. Then he became very mysterious. In fact, he displayed a power of imagination for which I would never have given him credit. He said I had many things to learn. Even supposing I had a fortune, what would I do with it? It didn't seem a very practical sort of question, but I gave it serious consideration. I said I should go to the Val d'Arno, where the Etrurian shades are. My uncle does not known where the Val d'Arno is, but he concluded it must be a place where men do no work, and he did not like the suggestion. It was afterwards arranged between us that I should take up my abode for the present not at Florence, but—at Shawkirk."

"What on earth will you do there?"

"Well, you see, I must do something. You know Macritchie of Bridgend? It seems he is in want of a tutor for his sons, and failing a better, would take me. My uncle has arranged it all."

"You don't mean to say, Lynn, you're going to take a berth of that kind, after—"

"After what? After failing to take my degree? A fellow in my position can't pick and choose—he has just to take whatever offers. It won't last long, you know; and it will do as well as anything else in the meantime."

"It seems to me, Lynn, you are throwing yourself away. I know the young cubs you'll have to teach. You won't like it, I can tell you."

"That can't be helped.—But hadn't I better keep her away a bit? We'll fetch Sprayton easy, on the next board."

"Yes,—give her a bit more of the sheet, and let her go through the water."

Meanwhile, from the end of the Sprayton

pier, a group of people had been watching the progress of Mr. Morton's cutter. These were Miss Ingleby, her sister Caroline, and a third young lady, who were seated on the low parapet-wall; while Dick Ingleby, with his hands in his pockets and a briar-root pipe in his mouth, straddled across one of the 'pollards.'

"Mr. Morton will come to the good holding-ground in less than a quarter of an hour, see if I'm not right!"—said Caroline, who plumed herself on her knowledge of things nautical.

"How she is bending over! Don't you think it is very dangerous?"

"What nonsense, Camilla! I only wish I were on board!"

"Mr. Morton knows how to manage a boat," said Gertrude. "He's a professional sailor, you know. He gave up the sea only a few months ago."

"Why did he do that?"—asked the young lady called Camilla.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Gertrude.

"I'm sure you do," said Caroline; at which pleasantry Dick began to laugh.

"Really, Camilla, you don't need to be frightened," said Caroline; and indeed the girl's face, as she watched the approach of the yacht, wore an expression that might have been taken for one of intense anxiety.

Gertrude Ingleby had by this time reached what may be called the waist-encircling stage of a young lady's friendship with Camilla Arden. They had met in London, whither Mr. Ingleby, going on business, had taken his daughter on pleasure. Mr. Ingleby had met Mr. Arden there. At that particular time, Mr. Arden had his own reasons for 'doing the civil,' as he called it, to his former fellow-townsmen. He had done the civil to Mr. Ingleby; and Miss Arden had shown the sights of London to Mr. Ingleby's daughter. The friendship between the two girls, thus begun in London, had led to the invitation which accounted for Miss Arden's presence on the Sprayton pier.

"How curious, Camilla," said Caroline,

"that you should meet Arthur here, after meeting him at Leipsic! It shows, as somebody says, how small the world is."

"The world of Leipsic was certainly very small. I don't see that there is anything specially curious in it."

"Still, it's a coincidence, you know. Anyhow, I'm glad Arthur is coming at last. I wonder why he would not come sooner."

"Humph," said Dick. "If I'd done what he's done, I'd have been jolly shy of showing up before the Governor, I can tell you."

Camilla looked at the young gentleman on the mooring-post with some interest. Thus encouraged, Dick went on in his character of Censor:—

"I always told the Governor that a fellow like him should never have been let go abroad. No good could come of it; I said so at the time. And now that he's gone and got himself plucked, and wasted all his money, what's he going to do with himself?—that's what I'd like to know!"

"Dick!"—said Gertrude indignantly—"if

you are capable of thinking such things, you should at least have the grace not to say them. You would not, if you had any self-respect!"

"I don't see there's anything to make you flare up like that, Gerty," said Dick, sulkily. "You're always taking Arthur's part, whether he's right or wrong."

"Look!"—cried Caroline—"there is Mr. Morton taking in his staysail! They'll let go the anchor directly."

They saw Mr. Morton let go his anchor and stow his mainsail; after which the two young men got into the dinghy, and rowed leisurely towards the pier.

"That was rather smartly done, wasn't it?"—said Caroline, turning to Miss Arden. But Camilla did not answer. She did not seem even to have heard the question. Her face had lost its colour, and the hand that held her sunshade trembled. She seemed for the moment unconscious of her surroundings. First she drew back from the edge of the pier, where the others had taken their

stand. Then, as if by an effort, she came forward again, and stood a few steps behind them. The boat was now at the foot of the stairs.

"Well, I've brought him back to you at last!"—said Morton, as he preceded his companion up the steps.—"Arthur, make fast the painter to that ring, will you? The tide's falling still." Then there were greetings between Morton, and Gertrude and Caroline Ingleby.

"Mr. Morton," said Gertrude, "let me introduce you to a friend of ours—Miss Arden."

Morton almost forgot to bow. He turned towards Lynn, who had now reached the top of the steps. Gertrude watched him in surprise, his embarrassment was so obvious. Then she looked at her cousin, as if seeking an explanation. Lynn stood without speaking or moving, as if rooted to the ground.

"Arthur," she said, "you are forgetting to shake hands with me."

"How are you, Gertrude?—How are you,

Caroline?"—said Lynn; and he shook hands with them, almost mechanically.

Camilla came forward. Her face was very pale, and she had not been able to banish from it every trace of discomposure.

"Arthur," said Gertrude, "you have met Miss Arden before, I believe. I don't need to introduce you."

"No," said Lynn; "no, you do not"—and he took Camilla's proffered hand.

The tone in which he uttered these commonplace words was such that they brought a constraint upon the whole party. Even Caroline was silent, and opened her blue eyes very wide. Gertrude looked at her cousin's face, then at her friend's. She saw on both an expression that puzzled her with its vague suggestiveness. It seemed to conjure up a past in which there had been more than a chance acquaintanceship between these two. Lynn was not an adept at concealing his emotions; and now his agitation was almost painfully apparent. Women generally come through these social crises more

successfully than men; but though Miss Arden had her feelings under better control, even she for the moment found nothing to say.

"Hallo, you fellows!" said Dick—whose interposition was, for once, generally welcomed—"so you're not drowned yet, eh? Now, if you'll take a piece of advice from me, you'll not stand loafing about this pier, and staring at one another without a word to say. You've riled the Governor already, I can tell you, by being behind time. I think you had better toddle up to the house, right away."

Again Miss Arden turned a look of interest on the speaker. Dick noted the glance, and set it down as an involuntary tribute to his powers of fascination.

"Oh, Mr. Morton," said Caroline, "I'm dying for a sail! Do you think there will be a wind to-night?"

"I'm afraid not," said Morton; "it looks like going down with the ebb."

Lynn, still silent, was walking at Gertrude's

side; Dick had attached himself to Miss Arden.

"Are *you* going out to sail to-night?"—he said; "*I'm* not. I don't care about sailing in the *Chloe*—the 'Old Clo',' I call her"—he added, with a glance at his companion which seemed to say:—"And you, you London girl, do you see *that?*—or is it too fine for the Southern intellect?"

In this order the party walked through the village to Laurel Bank, Mr. Ingleby's cottage by the sea.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY AT SPRAYTON.

The next day was Sunday, but no one at Laurel Bank went to church, Mr. Ingleby's sect not having a place of worship in the vicinity of Sprayton. And there was no sailing; for Mr. Ingleby neither wished his daughters to be drowned, nor his faith in Providence to be shaken by their safe return from a marine excursion on the Sabbath.

During the day Miss Arden tried his temper sorely. She spoke of "seeing a Scotch Sunday" as if it had been a local curiosity. She contrasted the Scottish with the Continental manner of spending the Day of Rest, as if they had been different methods of cooking eggs. And she related blood-

curdling tales of Sunday opera-going with a serenity that almost maddened Mr. Ingleby.

He was perplexed, even alarmed, by Camilla Arden. He had met the young lady but once, before her visit to Sprayton, when he had dined at Mr. Arden's house in London. On that occasion he had failed to detect the lack of earnestness now so painfully obvious in her character. But his daughter had seen Miss Arden frequently, and had talked with enthusiasm of her new friend's goodness, cleverness, and beauty. How Gertrude could have been so deceived was a cause of astonishment to Mr. Ingleby. He now regretted the imprudent invitation that had brought Mr. Arden's daughter under his roof. She must, of course, be treated with the consideration due to a guest; but Mr. Ingleby felt strongly tempted at times to break through all canons of hospitality, and put on record his disapproval of her ways. He could not understand her; and Mr. Ingleby always disliked what he did not understand. The girl said the reverse of what she believed.

That was her wit. She touched mockingly on serious topics. That was her originality. She was the slave of whim. And that was her pretty playfulness. He had a dim idea that she was somehow an incarnation of the forces that make against dissenting chapels. There was, he felt, something dangerous and 'uncanny' in her peculiar type of loveliness. Mr. Peter Ingleby was not imaginative; but he half-believed that hers was the kind of beauty possessed by satanic temptresses of whom he had heard or read—women with the flash of the Pit in their dark eyes, who lure men's souls to perdition by their silken phrases and baleful charms. He said to himself that she was 'a Moabitish woman;' and the phrase pleased him so much that it became to him a new proof of the soundness of his suspicions.

During those days at his uncle's house, Lynn felt for the first time the advantage of losing a scholarship. But for the fact that his pre-occupation and unwonted seriousness were set down by his friends to the

score of the Paxton episode, they would certainly have asked questions which he would have found difficult to answer. So keenly did he realise the falseness of his position, that he might perhaps have left Sprayton at once, but for the curious inquiries which such a step would have called forth. So, at least, he told himself; and there was in truth no hour of the day that he did not feel the awkwardness of living in the same house with Camilla Arden, after all that had come and gone. But it may be questioned whether, in deciding to remain, he was not as much swayed by the lurking hope that this unexpected meeting with his former sweetheart might lead to something—what, he did not seek to define.

It was the hand of Destiny, he told himself, that had brought them together again, and of all places at Sprayton, in his uncle's house. He forgot that Destiny is not a dramatist, and cares nothing for effective situations.

As for Miss Arden, she neither avoided Lynn nor sought his society. Her demean-

our puzzled him greatly. At times he was fain to ask himself whether he had not first met her yesterday—whether this was really the same Camilla from whom he had been parted a few months before. Gertrude also, he thought, was changed to him. There seemed an end of the cousinly confidence which had almost passed into a tenderer feeling. This was the way in which Lynn now represented to himself his previous relations with his cousin.

The Sunday dinner at Sprayton was not a lively meal. When it was over, Mr. Ingleby stated that it was his invariable habit, at the sea-side, to read one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to his household on the Sabbath afternoon. Thereon Mr. Morton declared that, on account of 'the young flood,' he must go at once aboard the *Chloe*, to 'give the cutter more chain'; and that Lynn must accompany him, as this could not be done single-handed. Mr. Ingleby did not understand what he meant, and would not have believed him if he had. As the young men

made their escape from the room, he muttered something about Sabbath desecration, took down his Spurgeon, and began to read.

"Thank you," said Miss Arden, as Mr. Ingleby concluded with a passage on the subject of penal fire. "Thank you very much, Mr. Ingleby. The reading has been very nice. It has made the afternoon pass quite pleasantly."

Mr. Ingleby was inexpressibly shocked, and looked so; but refrained himself, and made no remark.

"Have I said anything very wicked, dear?" asked Miss Arden afterwards, as she was walking with Gertrude outside. "I thought Mr. Ingleby looked terribly displeased just now."

"Oh, no—but you see, father is so strict in some of his views. You can't understand us—I'm afraid you must find it all very tiresome."

"No, not at all. It is quite a change from my own home, you know.—I don't think," she added, "that Mr. Morton is 'giving the cutter chain,' or whatever it was—indeed,

they both seem to be sitting on board, doing nothing."

"I suppose he merely wished to escape father's reading. Mr. Morton has a very lively imagination."

"You don't seem to like Mr. Morton. Now, I think that is odd—in you."

"Why should you think so, Camilla?"

"Well—perhaps it is because I like him myself. I like his frankness, and I like his sailor stories. And I think he has a good heart. How fond he is—of your cousin!"

"Most people are, I believe."

"Yes. At Leipsic, I remember, Mr. Lynn was a favourite with everyone. Mrs. Overend used to say he was 'magnetic.'"

"Who was Mrs. Overend, dear?"

Camilla betrayed just the slightest trace of embarrassment.

"Mrs. Overend," she said, "was an American lady, a widow, whom I knew at Leipsic."

"I suppose you saw a great deal of my cousin there?"

"My dear Gertrude, everybody in the English colony there saw a great deal of everybody else—that is, if they happened to be in the same set. There was always something going on—pic-nics up the river, parties at Bonorand's to hear the music, and in winter we had the English dances once a month. It was a very pleasant time. Mrs. Overend chaperoned us—she was delightful. Oh, yes! I met Mr. Lynn quite a number of times."

Gertrude said nothing, but she drew her own conclusions. She remembered that in London Camilla had never mentioned Arthur Lynn's name, nor alluded to her having known him. She remembered also various reports, set afloat through the agency of Mr. Stronach, about a young lady with whom Lynn was said to have 'carried on at a great rate' abroad. As she thought of these things—and of the scene at the end of the pier—she felt that Camilla had treated her with a certain want of frankness. Up to this time she had been eager in Camilla's praise; but the latter's admission that she had seen

Lynn 'quite a number of times,' taken in connection with her previous reticence on the subject, worked a change in their relations. It was the opening of the little rift, destined to grow rapidly wider.

In the evening Mr. Ingleby was left alone with his wife, the others, despite his tacit protest, setting out for a walk along the shore. Dick again managed to inflict himself on Miss Arden, who showed less reluctance to accept his escort than might have been expected. Lynn found himself walking by his cousin's side, a little way behind Caroline and Morton.

"You seem to have been avoiding me, Gertrude," he said; "I have scarcely had a word with you all day."

"Oh, no, Arthur—I have not been avoiding you. On the contrary, there is something I wish to say to you."

"What is it, Gertrude?"

"It is about the tutorship," said Gertrude. Lynn was conscious of a certain relief. There were other topics on which he would have

found it less easy to converse with his cousin.

"You know how you have always disliked Shawkirk, Arthur. Do you think you will like it any better now?"

"I don't care about these things, now," said Lynn. "Any place will do for me."

"That is not the way you used to speak. You know very well that this kind of work is far below your powers. Don't you remember what you said before, when father wished you to become a tutor?"

"Is that the tutorship you people are discussing?"—said Caroline, whose sense of hearing was acute. "Of course, Arthur, you aren't going to take it?"

"I have taken it already."

"You have! Oh, dear, I hope it won't make me too proud to have my cousin tutor to the Macritchies'! What a life you will have, Arthur! Old Macritchie will introduce you to his friends as 'My tutor, sir'—and perhaps you will be allowed to turn over Fanny Macritchie's music for her—and, who

knows, if you are *very* good, they'll give you thick bread and butter to tea? Isn't that what they always give tutors, in the story-books?"

"Such," said Lynn, "is, I believe, the invariable diet of the hardy tutor."

"Seriously, Arthur," said Gertrude, "I can understand your being downcast just now, about the scholarship, and—and about other things, for what I know. But if I were you, I would not give up my ambition. Can it be that you no longer wish to go to London?"

"Of course I wish it, but you must know very well that it is impossible. I have not the means."

"You have friends, Arthur."

"My uncle?—but it was he who decided that I must become—a tutor."

"Well, go to him and tell him that he has made a mistake. The work is quite unsuited to you; it leads to nothing; it is an utter waste of time. Go to father, and tell him all that."

"This is strange advice to come from you, Gertrude."

"You know I never counselled you to go against him before, but I do now. I cannot bear to think of your throwing away your chances like this, Arthur. And besides—there is another thing I want to say to you. If you go to father, and tell him plainly what you want, I believe he will give you what help he can."

"Why should he do that?"

"I don't know, but I am certain that he has been much—well, much milder of late when speaking about you. You know, Arthur, that with all his strictness, he always wished you well. He was quite unhappy on your account, when you did not come back from Leipsic in October, and he was not hearing from you regularly."

"Did he not say savage things of me when I lost the scholarship?"

"No, he did not. He did not say a harsh word of you to me, nor to any one, I believe. He was sorry about it, of course, as we all were."

"You certainly surprise me, Gertrude. Do you mean to say you think he would listen to me, if I spoke to him about going to London, and reading for the bar?"

"I do not know, but you ought to try. I don't know anything about the bar, nor does father. But I hope, at all events, that you will give up this idea of the tutorship. Shawkirk is no place for you. Go to father, and tell him plainly and firmly what you want. I believe he would see reason in it."

"Gertrude," said Lynn, "it is just like you to take thought for me and my affairs. Yes, I will do what you say. I am glad to find that *you* still believe in me, after all."

"I do believe in your abilities, Arthur," said the girl gravely. "You have had no fair chance as yet, but I hope you will soon."

Meantime, in the parlour at Laurel Bank, while Mrs. Ingleby slumbered over a 'good book,' Mr. Ingleby stood at the window absorbed in thought. Mr. Ingleby was very angry. The immediate occasion of his wrath was the Sabbath profanation involved in an

evening walk. But besides, he had the feeling that all things were going against him; and he resented that.

One glance he took at the placid face of his sleeping spouse. The perfect repose, the utter oblivion to all trouble which Mrs. Ingleby's features expressed filled her husband with a kind of envious indignation. It seemed to him a positive injustice that she should thus 'entice the dewy-feathered sleep,' while he was groaning under the heavy load of care. Mr. Ingleby regarded his wife not in the light of a sympathiser, but of an audience. He felt that he must have an audience now.

"Matilda!"—he said; whereat Mrs. Ingleby awoke with a start.

"Matilda," went on Mr. Ingleby, "the book you have on your lap is, I see, Baxter's 'Saints' Rest.' If you *will* sleep after dinner on the Sabbath-day, I think you might do so without having that volume before you. It is an insult to the good man who wrote it."

"I—I was not sleeping!"—said Mrs.

Ingleby, letting Baxter fall to the ground in her confusion.

"You are, at any rate, awake now, and in a condition to attend to what I shall say. Perhaps you can tell me, Matilda, when that man whom you invited here intends to go away?"

"Wh—what man?"—asked Mrs. Ingleby.

"What man? That man Morton, of course. He has been here, it seems to me, too long already."

"Why, he only came yesterday!"—expostulated Mrs. Ingleby.

"That is not to the point. I do not care when he came. I asked you when he was going away. He is not a fit companion for my nephew, as I have told you all along."

Arthur Lynn, it may be noted, was always 'my nephew' to Mr. Ingleby now. He had always been 'your nephew' before.

"Why, what harm do we know of Mr. Morton?"—asked Mrs. Ingleby. "You remember you told me, when I told you I thought he was getting fond of dear Gerty, that your objection to him was that he went

to sea. And you know how he left it, just because he thought that would please you, and is never going to sea any more."

"Please me!" — exclaimed Mr. Ingleby. "How, I put it to you—how can such conduct as his please any right-thinking man? No sooner had he 'left the sea,' as you call it, than he gave up all work of any description. He has wasted his money on the purchase of this vessel, in which he insists on sleeping every night, like a—like a smuggler!"

This climax left Mrs. Ingleby prostrate, and her lord resumed.

"And there is that girl, whom you have chosen as an associate for your daughters—"

"Miss Arden?—Why, what is there wrong with her?"

"I do not wish to judge her with undue severity. But she is, I fear, a dangerous young woman. She seems to me to be without Religion; and to be given over to Frivolity and Vanity. She is extravagant in her dress. And she has picked up a way of speaking on serious things of which I cannot

approve. I was strongly inclined to rebuke her for it at the dinner-table to-day. It is most unseemly."

"Do you know"—said Mrs. Ingleby—"I think that Arthur may possibly be fond of Miss Arden?"

"That is madness," said Mr. Ingleby, with curt indifference.

"Why should it be madness? She is very clever, and I'm sure she has the most lovely dark eyes!"

"How can my nephew possibly be in love with a woman whom he never saw in his life until yesterday? You have been dreaming, Matilda. You are continually making discoveries of this kind—mares'-nests I might call them."

"I am *not* dreaming," said Mrs. Ingleby. "And he *has* met her before. He knew her at Leipsic—Caroline told me so."

"What!"—gasped Mr. Ingleby. "Knew her at Leipsic! Think what you are saying!"—and he stood as if deprived for the moment of further power of speech.

"Oh yes," went on Mrs. Ingleby, pursuing her advantage—"and do you know, I think Miss Arden must be the very same young lady that Mr. Stronach used to write about—she that was seen with Arthur everywhere, you know. Would not that be such a strange coincidence? Caroline thinks so. She told me that, too."

"I tell you it is impossible!"—cried Mr. Ingleby, in a frenzy of emotion that would have brought apoplexy on a stouter man.—"I tell you it cannot be!"

"You don't need to shout at *me*, I'm sure," said Mrs. Ingleby. "I thought you would have been glad to hear it. She will have lots of money, being an only child; and poor Arthur, you know, has none."

"That is not the point!"—vociferated Mr. Ingleby, while his wife looked on in mild alarm. "Such a thing would be my nephew's ruin. I tell you it is not to be thought of, and I trust you will never refer to it again."

"Why, you said the very same thing about Arthur and Gertrude—when you sent him

away to Germany. Oh dear, how I wish you had never done that! The poor boy is looking so pale and thin! I am quite sorry for him. And if he had not gone there, I'm sure he would have taken the scholarship."

"The scholarship!"—repeated Mr. Ingleby —"that is nothing!—nothing at all!"—and the expression of his face was such that Mrs. Ingleby durst not ask him the meaning of this extraordinary statement.

For some time Mr. Ingleby paced up and down the room, muttering to himself at intervals.

"That would be terrible!"—he said at length, pursuing the train of his reflections— "terrible! He must leave this at once. I will write to Macritchie to-night—that is," he added, correcting himself—"the first thing to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER VI.

BY THE SEA.

The following days passed very pleasantly for all at Laurel Bank—for all but Mr. Ingleby. Mr. Ingleby had come to Sprayton for the purpose of taking a holiday. A holiday was a painful thing to him at the best of times. It seemed an insult to his intelligence that he should be expected to moon about the woods, and loaf along the shore. His heart was in Shawkirk, at the Works; the daily bulletins from which lent, as a rule, the one feature of interest to his *villeggiatura*.

But on the occasion of this present holiday, Mr. Ingleby had a subject of interest more engrossing, and at the same time less agreeable, than the daily bulletins. This was the

conduct of the guests now under his roof. The result of his wife's revelations had been to make him watchful of things to which he had never given the smallest heed before. He watched Miss Arden and his nephew; but could see nothing in their manner towards each other to show that they had ever been more than friends. He watched Morton and his daughter, and perceived—or thought he did, for Mr. Ingleby admitted to himself his fallibility in such matters—that Morton was paying those attentions to Gertrude which a young man pays to the girl with whom he is in love. He was aware that his wife had given Morton a certain degree of encouragement. What his daughter's feelings were he did not know; but he wished very much that Morton would go away, and that Miss Arden had never come.

Morton, however, showed no signs of going. His movements, it appeared, depended on those of Arthur Lynn. He talked of making a cruise on the West Coast of Scotland in his yacht, with Lynn for a companion. Mr.

Ingleby did not intend that his nephew should go on any such voyage. According to his ideas, the sooner Lynn took up his new work at Shawkirk, the better it would be for all concerned. That would withdraw the young man from the dangerous influence of Miss Arden. It would deprive Morton of a pretext for prolonging his stay at Laurel Bank.

Mr. Ingleby, in those days, laboured under a strong sense of personal ill-usage. The time for his 'English journey' was rapidly drawing near. He had set out on this journey on the same day of the same month for the last twenty years. Must the sacred routine be broken through because of mere matters of sentiment? Must he choose between neglecting his business, and leaving those dangerously-assorted guests under a supervision no wiser than his wife's? It was not a pleasant holiday for Mr. Ingleby.

One day followed another, and still Lynn put off going to his uncle, as Gertrude had advised him to do. Her counsel had at first

seemed to him good. But as he considered it, one objection started up after another, and inclined him to delay. Then, on a certain morning after breakfast, Mr. Ingleby took him aside, and showed him a letter from Mr. Macritchie. The letter stated that Mr. Lynn might come to Shawkirk as soon as he pleased; that his pupils were ready for him; and that every arrangement would be made to suit his comfort. Mr. Ingleby certainly gave Lynn to understand that, in his opinion, there should be no delay in taking up his new duties. But he did so without the stern insistence to which his nephew was accustomed. Lynn could not but think his uncle changed, and for the better. He had dropped his use of the imperative. He seemed to shrink from saying anything that might wound Lynn's feelings, by making him suppose that his presence at Laurel Bank was no longer desired. And this encouraged Lynn to postpone the day of his departure.

"I shall go, of course," he said. "This

tutorship, uncle, is not what I had looked forward to. But beggars have no choice in these matters. Only, I think I'll put off going for a day or two, if you don't mind."

"Life cannot be one long holiday, Arthur," said Mr. Ingleby.

"I have found out that already. But I think one is the better of a short holiday, now and then. And I have really been working hard—though my work has not been successful."

"I do not question that," said Mr. Ingleby; and this way of alluding to the lost scholarship took Lynn by surprise. Now was the time, he thought, to act on Gertrude's advice. His uncle seemed to be in what was for him a melting mood; and the opportunity was too good to be lost. But the first mention of London worked a total change in Mr. Ingleby's manner. He stiffened almost visibly, and his face became stern and resolved. His remarks on metropolitan life and manners were such that Lynn felt it

would be quite useless to argue the matter further. So he abandoned the project; and with only a modified disappointment. He had never relished the idea of asking pecuniary help from his uncle. And by this time he was becoming reconciled to Laurel Bank, with Camilla Arden as an inmate. He had for the present no wish to go away, either to Shawkirk or anywhere else.

Camilla's manner towards him had changed, yet it still perplexed him. There was a reserve in its frankness, and a shy graciousness in its reserve. The 'society' air with which she had at first received him, passed gradually away, during days spent in sailing on the frith or gypsying in the woods. She no longer seemed to ignore the past, by treating him as an acquaintance of yesterday. But neither did she make the faintest allusion to what there had been between them.

Why was it that he never, by any chance, found himself alone with her? It seemed a matter of course that, in their walks, Morton should go off with Gertrude, and

leave him between Caroline and Camilla. He could not make out whether this was by accident or design.

Of one thing he was certain, that his feelings towards Camilla had undergone no change. He had never blamed her in his thoughts for the unfortunate issue of their Leipsic romance. No choice had been left her; she had only done her father's bidding; she had been the victim of his sordid, selfish views of life. Nor would Lynn's indignation against Mr. Arden have been so keen as it was, if only that gentleman had treated his proposal in a serious spirit. He freely owned that he himself, from the social and pecuniary point of view, was not such a suitor as Mr. Arden had a right to expect for his daughter. But Mr. Arden might have said so without making his answer an insult. He might at least have listened, even if, after listening, he had refused. Had he done so, Lynn would have felt himself bound in honour to give up his suit there and then. Mr. Arden might with-

out much difficulty have drawn such a promise from him; he would have asked but one last interview with Camilla, and bidden her farewell for ever. So he told himself. But Mr. Arden had not thought it worth his while to demand any such promise. And since he had not done so—since he had chosen to take up an attitude of contemptuous indifference—Lynn did not feel himself at all obliged to consult his wishes in the matter. He looked on Mr. Arden as an enemy, to be treated as an enemy. The decision would lie with Camilla. If she bade him go, then he would go, and not return. If she encouraged him to hope, he would never abandon the effort to win her. He would say that to her, now that they had been thus strangely brought together. He would seize the first opportunity of telling her that he loved her still; and by her answer—given freely, as from herself—he would abide. Day by day, as he watched Camilla, he became more confident that all would, somehow, go well. Day

by day he awaited his opportunity. At last it came.

They had gone, on a certain evening—Camilla and Gertrude, Morton and himself—to visit the ruins of an old castle, which stand on the shore about two miles above Sprayton. On the way homeward, Lynn found himself by Camilla's side. Gertrude and Morton had gone on in advance of them. It was the first time since his coming to Sprayton that he had had Camilla to himself—that he had been able to speak with her save in the presence of others. Now, at least, she had not avoided him. She had seemed to acquiesce in the tacit arrangement which left her with him, alone.

It was a still, beautiful evening. Not a leaf stirred in the windless air. Down the frith, the smoke of the steamers trailed behind them for miles in motionless, dingy wreaths. Eastwards, sea and sky were veiled in a heat-haze of silver-grey, through which the sun-light flashed momently on the white topsail of a becalmed ship, lying like a thing

of phantasy amid the misty shimmer. The steep cliffs which rose at the extremity of the bay were duplicated with all their rich tints—russet, orange and golden-brown—in the sea that pulsed languidly beneath. The clear, emerald water rose and sank with scarcely a foam-bell along the side of the sheer, rocky wall. The path was screened with foliage; and through the green lattice-work the sun, now nearing the horizon, shot shafts of light that reddened the tree-trunks. No sound broke the stillness, save the creak of oars from a fishing-boat, slowly moving from the shadow of the western headland.

The calm beauty of the evening affected Lynn more, perhaps, than he was aware. It evoked a longing for emotion in keeping with the magic of the scene and hour. In his uncle's house, Camilla might seem oblivious of the past. But out in the summer evening, in the hushed woods and beside the sleeping sea, surely he would find her what he had found her before their parting. And yet, he scarcely ventured to speak. It

was to him sufficient happiness to be walking once more by Camilla's side, amid surroundings which recalled to him their meetings in former days. A single luckless word, he felt, might break the spell.

"Don't you think Mr. Morton almost painfully prosaic?" said Miss Arden at last, a little abruptly.

"I don't know that poetry is his strong point," said Lynn; "but he is a thoroughly good fellow, for all that."

These were the first words they had exchanged since leaving the ruins of the castle; and the reference was to certain depreciatory remarks of Morton's, in connection with ancient strongholds and modern gunnery.

"Who *is* Mr. Morton?" said Camilla, after a pause. "He has never been properly explained to me. How comes it that he is a sailor, and yet does not go to sea—except in a yacht?"

"You seem to take quite an interest in Morton."

"That is no answer to my question, Mr. Lynn."

"He is a Shawkirk man. His brothers have a factory there, and Morton has a share in the concern. He took to a sea-faring life because he liked it, not because he needed to. That is his history, so far as I am aware."

"Then you don't know why he has given up his profession, and taken to living on shore?"

"I fancy because he is tired of the sea. He never gave me any other reason."

"And yet, you are such fast friends!"

"Oh, yes, we are very good friends. We were at school together, and have known each other ever since." Lynn was growing somewhat impatient of Morton as a subject of conversation; and, perhaps, let his impatience appear. But Miss Arden either did not observe this, or chose to disregard it.

"Your cousin and he are also friends—very good friends," she said.

Lynn started ever so slightly; and, at the

same moment, became conscious that Camilla was observing him.

"Have you—why do you think so?" he asked.

"Look at them," said Camilla, "and you will see."

Lynn looked at the two figures on the foot-path in front. Gertrude and Morton seemed engaged in very earnest conversation. Lynn saw his cousin lay her hand for an instant on her companion's arm; then withdraw it. The gesture made him wince. He was not in love with his cousin—could not be; and therefore was, of course, incapable of jealousy. But Camilla's suggestion pained him, he could scarce tell why. During those last days at Sprayton, he had been too deeply absorbed in his own affairs to bestow much attention on the affairs of other people. But he had previously thought it not unlikely that there might be 'something' between his cousin and his friend. If the same idea had occurred to Camilla, it was most probably true.

"I should not have thought they would

have had much in common," said Camilla, with a glance at Lynn's face which showed her that she had interpreted his thoughts aright. "But I suppose there is no accounting for such things."

"I suppose not," said Lynn.

"Mr. Morton is no favourite with your uncle," Camilla went on,—"any more than I am."

"Surely you are mistaken in that!"

"Oh, no. I don't generally make mistakes in such matters. Mr. Ingleby does not like Mr. Morton at all—nor does he like me. I am quite sure of that. And your cousin will have to know her own mind, Mr. Lynn, if she means to be made happy at last."

"Gertrude generally does know her own mind, I think," said Lynn.

"Then she is to be envied," said Camilla.

For some minutes there was a silence between them. Lynn seemed lost in thought. Camilla glanced at him from time to time. Of whom was he thinking?—of Gertrude, or of her?

They were now crossing the sands, which lay wet and gleaming from the ebb-tide, and still flushed with the crimson of the after-glow, for the sun had gone down. Gertrude and Morton had already regained the path, and were lost to sight among the trees.

At last Lynn raised his head, and looked Camilla in the face.

"You are very skilful," he said, "in reading the hearts of others. Are you sure that you understand your own?"

Camilla did not answer. She had turned away her head, and seemed to be gazing out to sea.

"Camilla," said Lynn—and his voice softened as he named her name—"does it seem *real* to you, that we should be walking together here, at this moment, you and I?—does it not seem to you too strange, almost, to be real, as it seems to me?"

"It does—seem strange," the girl answered.

"I feel that more to-night," continued Lynn, "than I have felt it since—since meeting you again. I could almost fancy myself, now,

walking with you in the Rosenthal or the Scheibenholz—as I used to do."

"But for the sea," said Camilla.

"But for that, of course—and other things. Camilla, do you remember the last time I saw you, before seeing you here?"

"Yes. It was in the *foyer* of the theatre. You should not have come there. It was cruel to me. You should have known—"

"Cruel to you!—I did not mean that, Camilla. I wanted to see you—only to see you again. That was why I went there. And I did see you—with your father. But you did not seem to feel my cruelty much. At all events, you did not show it."

"It is unjust of you to say that, or to think it. You should remember how things were with me, then. What could I do, but—"

"Bow and pass on. I know. That was, however, at least as cruel to me as it could have been to you."

"I can see how you have blamed me! You have not been generous enough to make

allowance. You have thought me unfeeling and—and false."

"No, Camilla. I have tried to think of you, as well as of myself, and I have made allowance. But can you wonder if I doubted you? Did not you promise me, that night on the river, that you would never change?"

"Yes. I said that."

"And you promised also that you would say to your father what you had said to me?"

"And I kept my promise. But he would not listen. He made light of all I said, until he saw that I was in earnest. Then he reasoned with me."

"And converted you to his views?—you don't answer, Camilla. Whatever you say, I shall not seek to blame you. But at least let there be truth between us, if there be nothing else! Did you agree with your father when he said I had no right to speak to you of love, because—because I was poor?"

"One may have to obey, without agreeing."

"Camilla," said Lynn, "let me say this to you. If you loved me then, no one—not even your own father—had a right to come between us. If you love me now, no one has that right. I shall take my answer only from you. By a word you can bind me to you, or by a word you can send me away. . . . I had made up my mind to say this to you, if ever I met you again. Now that we have met, by this strange chance, you will give me an answer—will you not?"

They had now left the sands, and were following the path which skirted the bay. The tide had turned, and a chill wind, bringing the mist with it, had set in from the east with the beginning of the flow. A red light still burned low in the west; but the soft flush had changed to an angry glow. The red light rested for a moment on Camilla's face, and the wind played freely with her dark hair. It seemed to Lynn as if her beauty changed, in some subtle way, with the changes of nature. He thought there was a

spiritual, 'sky-commercing' look in her eyes, such as he had never seen there before.

"Yes," she said—and her voice was very low—"yes. Since you have asked me, I will answer."

"Then, tell me, Camilla—I know you loved me then. Do you love me now?"

"I have always loved you," said Camilla; "I have not changed." She looked him bravely in the face; and he caught her to his heart. For a moment she allowed her head to rest on his shoulder.

"My darling!" he cried. "Had I been rich, I could never have known you loved me as I do now. Now I know that you love me for myself—as I love you for yourself, alone!"

The girl shivered, and shrank back from him as he spoke.

"Camilla!" he cried in quick alarm—"had you forgotten that I was poor? Has this horrible poverty thrown its shadow over us again? The very word frightens you. I can see it!"

"How can you think so of me, and yet say you love me? Will you not believe me when I tell you that I care for you—only for you? It is not that!—If only papa had not spoken as he did! All would have been so different!—Arthur," she cried passionately, "will you believe this—now, always, whatever happens—that I loved you for yourself?—that whatever I did I did for the best—the best for you as well as for me? Arthur, will you promise me to believe this?"

"Promise to believe that you loved me for myself? Why, what else could you love me for? I don't understand you, Camilla."

"Why do you speak in that way about your poverty?—as if you were certain to be always poor? I know—that is, I don't see why you should. Besides, you are no poorer now than you were at Leipsic—and you never spoke of poverty then!"

"Your father had not spoken of money then. Besides, as it happens, I am poorer now."

"You seem to have lost confidence in your-

self. I remember how hopeful you used to be!—what ambitions you used to tell me of! And there was none of them beyond you, Arthur!"

"Alas!" said Lynn; "you don't know the end of all my ambitions!"

"Yes, I do. Gertrude told me all about it. About Shawkirk, and your uncle's plans."

"That is out of the question now, of course," said Lynn. "After this night I am not going to Shawkirk. , . . Yes, Gertrude was right. I must go to London. . . . I have still to win you, Camilla, I know that. I must be near you, and I must make my way."

"Did Gertrude advise you against going to Shawkirk?"

"She did. And now I shall follow her advice."

"Not if you want to please me, Arthur. . . . If you care to make me happy, you will go to Shawkirk—you will do as your uncle wishes. It need not be for long. Say that you will go!"

"You know I would do anything to please

you—but why would you have me go there?"

Camilla did not answer for a moment. Then she said:—

"You will meet papa at Shawkirk, Arthur."

"At Shawkirk?"

"Yes. He is going there, soon, to give an address, about politics. . . . I know he regrets what he said to you. If he asks you to forget it, you won't be—revengeful, Arthur? You will meet him half-way, for my sake?"

"But why should your father wish me to forget what he said at Leipsic? Why should he want to meet me half-way? What has happened since then to make any difference in him—or in me?"

There was a pause; then Camilla said, in a low voice, and speaking as if with an effort:—

"I can't explain it to you, Arthur; but papa can. Won't you trust me so far?—won't you do this little thing for me?—Believe me, Arthur, he does regret the things he said; I know he does. He wishes you to

become his friend—and you will, Arthur, won't you, for my sake?"

"Whatever I can do, without being untrue to myself, I shall do to win you, Camilla. I don't say that I understand you, but since you wish it, I shall go to Shawkirk. I wonder where I would not go, if you bade me!"

"And by-and-bye you will come to London, and all will be well! Then you will understand why I wanted you to go to Shawkirk! —And now, Arthur, there must be no more talk of money between us. After all, you are not the Squire of low degree, and I am not the King's Daughter of Hungarie!"

She looked up at him with a smile; but Lynn saw how pale her face was and that there were tears in her eyes.

"My own love!" he said. "Think no more about those last days at Leipsic. I see how the remembrance of them pains you. I shall never speak of them again. Why do you allow the thought of them to vex you so?"

The hand she had laid on his arm was trembling; and she held down her head.

"Arthur," she said, "you will not speak to —to anyone here of what has passed between us? Until you have been to Shawkirk, and seen papa, that will be best, will it not?—and you will do as your uncle wishes, and go from here at once?"

"But not while you remain!" said Lynn.

"I am going—almost immediately. I had a letter from papa this morning; he wishes to have me at home. So, you see, we shall very soon be separated."

"But not for long!" said Lynn. "Ah, Camilla, who shall say it was Chance that brought us together again?"

To this, however, Camilla made no reply; nor did she speak many words in answer to her lover, as they made their way back to Sprayton through the now fast-thickening mist. Had Lynn thought of it at all, he would have told himself that happiness made her silent. But he did not think of it.

His own happiness was complete. Even under the spell of those Leipsic days, he had been vaguely conscious of a certain touch of

the fantastic in his relations with Camilla. He had known that he loved her; he had thought that she returned his love. But he had been unable to divest himself of the idea that there was something illusory in the course of their love-making. It had been all too romantic, their intercourse in the foreign town, under the easy conditions of a holiday life. It had been a fair day-dream, to be followed, perhaps, by some rude awaking. But now, after what had passed between them on the Sprayton shore, he thought differently. There had been an earnestness in Camilla's words, still more in her manner, which made him, somehow, feel surer of her than he had ever done before. Looking back over that Leipsic chapter of romance, he fancied that they had been, in a manner, only playing at love. But now and henceforth, their love was and would be a serious thing. The story had become real, now that it had been broken off and taken up again.

Yes. He would go to Shawkirk, and at once. It would not do to idle away his time,

while Camilla was yet to be won. He must certainly be up and doing. . . . Shawkirk, it was true, did not promise much in the way of a future. But it would be a first step to London. Even if nothing came of that meeting with Mr. Arden, on which Camilla had seemed to lay so much stress—and Lynn did not see that much could come of it—still there was his uncle to fall back on. And Mr. Ingleby would no doubt be more willing to lend him a helping hand afterwards, if he yielded to his wishes now.

Mr. Ingleby was equally surprised and gratified when, next morning, his nephew announced his intention of leaving for Shawkirk that very day, and at once taking up his new duties. His surprise and gratification, however, were sensibly lessened when his wife informed him that Miss Arden had received a letter calling her home, and would take leave of them on the morrow.

This was the letter which Miss Arden had received :—" My dear Camilla, Don't you think you have been with these people long enough

now? I want to see you, before going down to Scotland. Mallory tells me the seat may be vacant any day, and of course I should have to be on the spot at once. Find out if you can how Ingleby is disposed. I hope you have made yourself agreeable to him, as he has a lot of influence in Shawkirk. So young Lynn has been there! I suppose there is no need to tell you to make yourself agreeable to *him*. Wire to me by what train you travel, and I shall send the brougham.—Yours, ROBT. ARDEN."

This letter was the means of breaking up the party at Laurel Bank. Lynn and Morton took their departure on the same day; and when Mr. Ingleby set forth on his English journey, he left his house clear of embarrassing guests. But Mr. Ingleby had nevertheless his own causes of anxiety.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

The sorrows of the rustic whom Fate leads from the country to the town have often been the theme of pensive comment. We all know how he pines in the city for the daisied fields and willowy brooks from which he can no longer escape to the village ale-house. But the sorrows of the city-bred youth, forced to exchange urban for rural surroundings, remain without the meed of a melodious tear. Yet his lot—though one which might well move the compassionate—is Elysian compared with life in most country-towns. And when a country-town happens to be a seat of manufacture, then life there becomes to some men well-nigh not worth living. It certainly seemed so to Arthur

Lynn, that summer evening when he returned to his birth-place.

Shawkirk is situated in a circular valley, which once resembled a deep emerald cup, veined with the silver of many rills. Now-a-days it rather resembles a witches' cauldron; for the hills, no longer green but drab, prevent the smoke from the town's many stalks from readily dispersing; and through the dun cloud that generally overhangs the place sound the rumbling and groaning of machinery, the clang of the factory-bell, and the sustained screech of the steam-whistle.

Smoke-blackened, many-windowed factories line the banks and pollute the waters of the Fala, a shallow stream which rushes turbulently down the valley. The inhabitants, for the most part, dwell in two-storied, white-washed houses, all seemingly constructed from the same design. These houses have no gardens. No green thing relieves the eye, as you walk in the fierce summer glare past the blinding white walls which line the yellow, dusty roadway. Shawkirk is a place from

which the beautiful has been carefully eliminated. There all is modern, prosaic, ugly; a symphony in soot and whitewash. The churches have no architectural dignity. The chief building in the town is the castellated tannery of Mr. Turpie, which appeals most powerfully to the pilgrim's sense of smell. The only signs of the presence of art in Shawkirk are the portraits of the Prime Minister, which gaze at you from the shop-windows as if they would stare the Toryism from your heart.

The inhabitants are all Liberals, or nearly all. In their youth they become members of Good Templar Lodges, and parade the streets wearing mystic insignia, flaunting flags, and preceded by brass bands. Having thus shown how needless it is for men to drink beer in order to make themselves ridiculous, they generally drift into other courses. Instead of waving symbolic bunting on the Saturday afternoons, they gather in the many bars of Shawkirk, and wax sarcastic over their successors in the I. O. G. T.

The banner-bearer of yesterday outgrows his love of the spectacular, and passes into the scoffer and bar-haunter of to-day by a recognised process of evolution.

In Shawkirk, the monotony of the country is combined with the dirt and din of a large manufacturing town. Without gaining the sharpness of the city workman, the factory hands have lost the grand bovine manner of the uncorrupted rustic. They are quite as dull as he; but their dulness is apt to bubble muddily into vulgarity. When freed from toil, they lounge at the street-corners, exchanging badinage with one another, or sneering at the wandering alien. Except the street-corner, there is no place of amusement in Shawkirk.

It was evening when Arthur Lynn arrived at this Happy Valley. It had been arranged that he should spend his first night in Shawkirk at Deloraine House—for such was the name of Mr. Macritchie's abode—and thither accordingly he was borne in Mr. Macritchie's claret-coloured dog-cart, drawn by Mr. Macritchie's showy black mare.

Deloraine House was a glaring brand-new mansion, built in the style known as the Scottish Baronial. It stood some way out of Shawkirk, in a treeless space covered with ruddy gravel and blazing flower-beds, and enclosed by massive iron railings, gorgeous with red paint and lavish gilding.

Mr. Macritchie greeted Lynn with almost oppressive geniality. His welcome conveyed a suggestion of the feudal lord, receiving at his castle-gates some trusted retainer; it was so grandly seignorial, so condescending in its cordiality. An ample white waistcoat and checked trousers seemed positive anachronisms in such a man. His demeanour, his attitude on the door-step at once carried Lynn's fancy back to the historic past; and he half-expected to hear Mr. Macritchie, with a "Ho, there, Warder!"—command his vassals to let fall the portcullis.

Mr. Macritchie was a wealthy mill-owner, whose favourite *rôle* in life was that of the Fine Old Border Baron. He was stout and rubicund in appearance; gave good dinners;

and had an idea that he should at all times ply his guests with champagne. He was one of those political oracles whose chosen tripod is the domestic hearth-rug. The joy and pride of his life was to stand with his back to the fire and a glass of wine in his hand, and tell you with exultant emphasis that "The Radicals, sir, have ruined the country." He became very angry indeed with anyone who sought to maintain a less gloomy conclusion.

Of all the Shawkirk magnates, it was allowed that Mr. Macritchie lived in greatest 'style.' His wife and daughter took the air in a barouche as resplendent as paint, varnish, heraldry, and a blue-liveried coachman could make it. His hall was hung with auction-bought armour, and the antlers of 'stags of ten' which had not fallen to Mr. Macritchie's rifle. The Lord of Deloraine House was an ardent worshipper of the Past. To him, the most sacred of names was that of one 'Richie o' the Hag's Muir,' who—according to the Macritchie Legend—had stolen cattle

extensively about the middle of the fifteenth century, and whom Mr. Macritchie claimed as an ancestor. Mrs. Macritchie had a faith in the family Legend as implicit as her husband's; but she went beyond him in claiming kinship with the neighbouring noble house of Leaderdale, which traced its descent from the same mythical reiver.

At dinner Lynn met only Mr. and Mrs. Macritchie and their daughter Fanny. Mrs. Macritchie was a formidable person, who regarded herself as the great lady of Shawkirk; a position to which, as she believed, the length of her husband's purse and pedigree alike entitled her. Miss Macritchie was a duplicate of her mother, allowance being made for the difference in their years. She had the same red hair, sharp shoulder-blades, and cold eyes of no particular colour; but while Mrs. Macritchie's bearing was rigid to all alike, Miss Fanny would at times assume a languid *hauteur*, which she believed to be peculiarly characteristic of the titled ones of earth.

"I am glad," said Mr. Macritchie, as Lynn allowed himself to be helped to sherry, "to see that you have not taken up your uncle's teetotal views, Mr. Lynn—'look not upon the wine when it is red,' and that kind of thing, you know."

"That would not apply to sherry," said Lynn.

"Ha, ha! very good—very good, my dear sir!"—said Mr. Macritchie; while Mrs. Macritchie looked at Lynn with an expression which he could not at first understand. He afterwards, however, observed that this look crossed the lady's face whenever he attempted a pleasantry; and came to the conclusion that she must regard joking as a liberty not to be taken by tutors.

"Yes," continued Mr. Macritchie, "I look with grave apprehension on the progress which Good Templarism is making in this borough. Radicalism and Teetotalism always go hand in hand. I am relieved to think, Mr. Lynn, that my sons will imbibe no anti-conservative ideas from you."

"I don't profess to teach politics—only syntax," said Lynn.

"That is quite right," said Mr. Macritchie; "I have the fullest confidence in your discretion."

Then the conversation centred itself on the subject of local politics, as it did in those days at every dinner-table in Shawkirk.

"Poor old Fletcher!"—said Mr. Macritchie. "He will have to resign the seat before long, I fear. The doctors give him no hope that he will be able to winter again in this climate. And I regret it, sir,—old Fletcher was at bottom a Whig. If he did no good, at least he did not do much harm."

"Is there likely to be a contest for the seat?"—asked Lynn.

"I fear not," answered his host; "I fear there is no hope for us. I believe that in twenty years, sir, it will be as impossible to find a good Tory as it will be to get a good claret. (Try that, Mr. Lynn, by the way. It's as old as yourself, I daresay—I got it, sir, when your father's cellar was sold.)

That man Arden, I suppose, will go in without opposition."

"You think so?"

"Yes; he has been working for it this many a day. He made some money down here—in your father's time, Mr. Lynn—and of late he has been paying it back. Gratitude, no doubt!"—and Mr. Macritchie chuckled.

"You don't mean to say there has been anything underhand, or—or unfair?"

"I simply say this, sir, that he has been cooking the borough!"

"James!"—said Mrs. Macritchie warningly.

"I don't care who hears me! I say Arden has been warming this place for the last three years. When he came down here first, after making his pile, he was too grand to know his old friends. But, bless you!—that is all changed now. I knew he must be after no good, when he came off his high horse. That kind of man is never affable for nothing. Does your uncle mean to support him, Mr. Lynn?"

"I don't know," said Lynn; "he's not in the habit of asking my advice on such matters."

"It won't look well—excuse me, Mr. Lynn, but I like to be frank—it won't look well for your uncle to stand by Arden. People here will think it strange."

"Why should they?"—said Lynn. "I don't understand."

"Well, you know, there was more than a suspicion that Arden hadn't done the clean thing by your father, when he was manager at the Lynnfield Works."

"I never heard a whisper of that."

"No, you were too young. Your father's views were not my views, Mr. Lynn, but he at all events was an honest man—he really did mean well. Everyone respected him, and was sorry when he came to grief—at least, almost everyone. But it's all nonsense, of course, trying to raise the working-classes, as your father did. What you have to do is to give them coals and blankets. They will probably pawn the blankets, and they won't

be grateful for the coals. Never mind—give them more. It *may* cool their Radicalism, and at any rate it shows you can forgive them."

"You would be a wet blanket to them politically, and you would heap coals of fire on them morally?"

"Ha, ha!—very good, sir, very good! But what, I put it to you, can this London speculator care for the borough? Why, sir, at any moment any foreign state may be of far more consequence to him than his own country. It all depends on the markets, sir."

"There is no doubt, I suppose, that Mr. Arden is a very rich man?"

"You never can tell whether or not that kind of man is rich. He is merely a gambler on a big scale. It is one satisfaction, of course, that these men generally burst, in the long-run. He has no Birth, sir"—said the descendant of Richie o' the Hag's Muir.

"I have heard, James," said Mrs. Macritchie, "that his grandfather was in the retail line."

"Very likely," said Mr. Macritchie. "It is terrible to think that a man of that stamp should represent the Boroughs, when we might have as our member such an one as Lord Elvan—a young man of singular abilities, an eloquent speaker, and the scion of a noble house."

"And a kinsman of our own," added Mrs. Macritchie. Now Lord Elvan was the eldest son of the Earl of Leaderdale, the great pillar of Conservatism in these parts.

"I shall regret it exceedingly," said Mr. Macritchie, "if my friend Ingleby lends the weight of his support to such a man. And yet, it would almost seem as if such were to be the case. I know he visited Arden in London; and I believe I am correct in saying, Mr. Lynn, that he has Miss Arden staying with him now?"

"Yes," said Lynn; "Miss Arden was still at Sprayton when I left."

Both Mrs. Macritchie and her daughter looked at him somewhat curiously as he spoke.

"I am told," remarked Mrs. Macritchie,

"that the girl has the manners of a play-actress."

"And that she is dark as a Creole," said Miss Macritchie; "Mr. Stronach told us so."

Lynn stared involuntarily at the speaker; and the contrast between Camilla's rich, dusky beauty and Miss Fanny Macritchie's red hair and freckles made him violently inclined to laugh.

"Now, my dear sir," said Mr. Macritchie, "I have a meeting to attend—a Council meeting. I am the only Conservative in the Council, you know, and it won't do for me to be away. Make yourself at home until I come back. Fanny will give you some music, and I expect your old acquaintance Stronach will be calling this evening at Deloraine House. But first—come with me to the smoking-room, and have a cigar before you go upstairs."

"He's in love with that girl, mamma," said Miss Macritchie; "I am sure of it. Did you see how he looked, when we were speaking about her?"

"He must be a very foolish young man," said Mrs. Macritchie, "to think that he has any chance in *that* quarter."

"He is really very good-looking," said the daughter.

"He is as poor as Job," said the mother. "And much too independent," she added. "I told your papa that it would never do. He has no true sense of his position in this house. He seems quite to forget that he is a Tutor."

"He must be quite off with Gertrude Ingleby now, I should fancy," said Miss Macritchie.

"Quite," assented her mother. "Indeed, I don't know that there was ever very much in it. Mrs. Ingleby, poor creature, used to hint at such a thing, but of course the girl's father would not have allowed it—even if Gertrude had wanted to make a fool of herself."

"She is quite capable of it, I believe," said the young lady.

"She has not your good sense, my dear,"

said Mrs. Macritchie. "And indeed, I never saw what there was in her to make people think her good-looking. She has no style. A stuck-up thing!"

At this point Lynn joined the ladies. His appearance at once checked the flow of conversation. Mrs. Macritchie had no intention of falling into her husband's mistake, and being too affable and communicative with 'the tutor.' Whatever topic Lynn touched upon, she was frigidly irresponsive; and so there were great gaps of silence, during which the ticking of the large gilt clock became painfully audible. Miss Macritchie, busied over some fancy-work, seemed with difficulty to restrain a tendency to giggle. Lynn vowed that he would never again accept an invitation to 'make himself at home' in Deloraine House. And he never did.

At last the Rev. Mr. Stronach was announced. Lynn had not met this divine since their Leipsic days, and was somewhat surprised to find him on such friendly terms with the Macritchies. For Mr. Stronach was

a Free Church minister; and Mr. Macritchie professed to hold all Dissenters in abhorrence. But Mr. Stronach had various points in his favour. He was young, and unmarried; whereas the parish minister was a snuffy old man, duly provided with a wife and family, and having nothing to recommend him in feminine eyes. Then Mr. Stronach, when not among Dissenters, made no parade of his Dissent. He resembled the great Apostle in being all things to all men. He visited at Mr. Ingleby's, who esteemed him highly for his Sabbatarian views. He visited at Mr. Macritchie's, who was accustomed to say that "Stronach, sir, is at bottom a Tory."

Lynn had never liked Mr. Stronach; but now, in his conversational straits, the appearance of the young clergyman was as welcome as the flowers in May. Mr. Stronach was a long, flaccid young man, with black hair, a dull eye, and a damp hand. He smiled on the company with seraphic superciliousness; and at that smile the ladies awoke into animation as the birds break into song on the

advent of rosy-fingered morn. Where all had been ice and indifference, there was now sweetness and sunshine.

Mr. Stronach spoke in a low, measured voice, as if conscious that his words were pearls of too great price to be carelessly dropped on an unregarding world. He let them slip from him with a tender solicitude, as if himself awed by a sense of their exceeding preciousness.

"Ah, yes," he said; "I fear, Mr. Lynn, you will find this place very quiet, very dull, after the gaieties of Leipsic. We are a staid, sober people here—not like those giddy Continentals. It will take some little time, I doubt not, before you are reconciled to the change."

Lynn reminded Mr. Stronach that he had been born and bred in Shawkirk, and knew the manners of the place as well as Mr. Stronach himself.

"Ah, yes," said that gentleman; "yes, it is true. I had forgotten. But still, Mr. Lynn, you will feel it a change. We moved in very

different spheres at Leipsic"—to this statement Lynn assented with a smile—"very different spheres. But I know you had distractions there which you can scarcely expect to meet with in Shawkirk."

Here Miss Macritchie lifted her eyes from her fancy-work, and took an observation of Lynn's face.

"Yet methinks," continued Mr. Stronach blandly, "our Shawkirk ladies need not fear a comparison with the bright butterflies of any foreign city. My own experience is, Mr. Lynn, that the finest and truest type of female beauty is ever to be found at home!"

Here Miss Macritchie drooped her eyes, and plied her needle busily.

Mr. Stronach then alluded patronisingly to Lynn's duties as a tutor, predicting that he would find 'the dear boys' all that an instructor of youth could desire. A cushion which Miss Macritchie was making for a forthcoming bazaar in connection with Mr. Stronach's church—and the sight of which might have driven the Kyrle Society to despair—formed

the staple of conversation until the return of Mr. Macritchie. Thereafter the night was beguiled by Mr. Macritchie's account of certain stirring scenes in the local senate—in which, to judge from his own narrative, he had himself borne the foremost part.

Next day Lynn took lodgings in the house of one David Messer, who had formerly been a hand in his father's employment at Lynnfield. There was no need to exercise choice as to locality, for the streets in Shawkirk are all alike. And in all such houses as Mr. Messer's—the houses, that is to say, of the smaller shop-keepers and better-class artisans —there is an apartment which is swept and garnished solely to honour and delight the visitor, and which is spoken of as 'the room' *par excellence*. As 'the room' in all such houses is furnished almost exactly as Lynn's was, a description of that chamber comes to have a kind of historic value.

There was a carpet, glowing with red and yellow birds and flowers, all woven out of the weaver's brain; and a wall-paper to match

the carpet. The mantel-piece was adorned with two peacock's feathers, several glossily pink shells, and a few nondescript objects of *vertu*, which made the beholder indulge in strange longings for an invasion of the Vandals. The fire-place was filled with a crisp, glittering material, relieved by arabesques in pink and green paper. Opposite the fire-place stood a ponderous chest of drawers, which had such a sombre, old-world aspect, that Lynn fancied it must have been hewn out of gopher-wood. Atop of this relic were set a cracked mirror with a tarnished gilt frame, a Family Bible, and an album whose hideousness, as one quickly discovered on opening it, was not confined to its binding. In one corner was a small book-stand with 'good books,' among which were conspicuous Boston's "Fourfold State," Pollok's "Course of Time," and Bogatsky's "Golden Treasury." Art was represented on the walls by three German prints, and by two engravings—one of Burns sparing the national emblem, and the other of John Knox by no means sparing Queen Mary. It

may be added that there was a strong odour of peppermint in the apartment, when Lynn became its inmate.

The Messers, who seldom entered 'the room,' associated it in a vague way with Church and the Sunday—partly on account of the 'good books,' partly on account of the peppermint—the Presbyterian incense. It was a rude shock to Mrs. Messer when her lodger began to re-arrange the domestic shrine, stuck pipes where ornaments had been, and filled the sacred chamber with tobacco-smoke. Lynn used to say that he would have died of this room, if he had not contrived to make a joke of it.

Sometimes Lynn was glad, in the dearth of other companionship, to join his landlord's family circle. Old Mr. Messer was disposed at first to stand rather in awe of his former master's son; but the feeling soon wore off, when he found that the young man had, as he expressed it, "nae pride aboot him ava'." From Mr. Messer Lynn learned more than he had known before of his father's schemes, and

the ruin in which they had resulted. Mr. Lynn, it appeared, had, like other reformers, become popular after his death. His memory was honoured among the workmen of Shawkirk. Writhing, as they pictured themselves, beneath the iron heel of Capital, they looked fondly back to Mr. Lynn of Lynnfield, and wished that there were more like him.

To Lynn, living in the Messer household, there was presented a side of Shawkirk life which he had never had the chance of observing before. He derived some amusement from studying its humours. He found, for instance, that in a certain stratum of Shawkirk society, poaching gives to existence its sole zest, its fillip of romance. Mr. Messer had two sons, Tam and Wattie, who worked in Mr. Macritchie's factory by day, and went to 'the water' by night. They were not shy of informing Lynn that they indulged in the illicit capture of fish. In their eyes, no stigma attached to poaching, provided it was not followed as a profession. When Lynn once ventured to demur to Mr. Messer's

advanced views on this question, the old man mildly but firmly observed that "the auld ridin' bluid maun oot." He further explained that the salmon was the best fish in the sea; and that this, conjoined with the fact of its being sent by Providence up the rivers, clearly showed that man was intended to take it and eat thereof. Both Tam and Wattie belonged to a 'gang,' or fraternity which collected funds for the purchase of nets, 'cleeks,' and tridents; and also for an insurance against fines, in the case of members who might chance to fall into the hands of the water-bailiffs. The latter were about as popular in Shawkirk as care-takers in the County Kerry. They were regarded as pariahs by the respectable, fish-consuming class; and were generally believed to spend many hours a prey to the darkest remorse.

Another object of interest to Lynn in those days was an individual known as 'the Infidel.' Next to the water-bailiffs, this was the most unpopular person in Shawkirk. His other name, if he had one, was never men-

tioned; and his precise phase of unbelief must remain unknown. The Messers pointed him out to Lynn with a kind of shuddering awe. "See, Mester Lynn!"—they would cry —"there he gangs! Yon's the Infidel!"— and they gazed after the lonely man as if they expected to see tongues of fire spurt from the heels of his boots. The Infidel's appearance was against him. He was a tall, dark, spare man, who wore a black cloak, and walked always with a swift step. As he sped through the town, Lynn thought of the poet in "Alastor"—the wild-eyed wanderer whose coming struck awe to the hearts of the cottagers, and from whose face infants turned trembling to their mothers' bosoms. The Infidel lived in a brick house outside of the town. Lynn afterwards discovered that this victim of popular prejudice was a retired Post-Office clerk, who had no children and did not go to church—two facts which were quite sufficient to give him the character he bore in the estimation of orthodox Shawkirk.

Even these traits, however, failed to enliven

the tedium of Lynn's life in Shawkirk. He found it even drearier than he had anticipated. Morton, he heard, was away yachting on the West Coast. Mr. Ingleby was absent on his English journey. Mr. Macritchie had signified that the portals of Deloraine House were ever open to him; but he felt no wish again to enter there as a guest. He was absolutely without companionship. Neither was he able to find the slightest pleasure in his work. His pupils, whom he endeavoured to teach for five hours daily, scarcely bore out Mr. Stronach's encomiums. They proved to be incorrigibly lazy and irredeemably dull. When Lynn, in his present surroundings, thought of Sprayton, of Camilla—they almost seemed parts of some beautiful, tantalising dream, dreamt in an irrecoverable past.

He found himself looking forward to Mr. Arden's appearance in Shawkirk, as to a pleasurable interlude in this hum-drum life. A meeting with Mr. Arden might lead to nothing; indeed, might never come to pass at all, for the first step to it would not be

taken by himself—on that he was determined. But even to see Camilla's father would be a kind of excitement—a welcome break in the monotony of his present existence. So, as the weeks passed on, he began to wonder more and more when this visit was to be—whether it was to be at all.

One morning, on his way to Deloraine House, Lynn's doubts were set at rest. The blank walls and hoardings of Shawkirk were blazoned with large yellow posters; which announced that "Robert Arden, Esquire, of Copthall Court and Hartington Gardens, London," on the invitation of the Liberal Committee of Shawkirk, would deliver at an early date an Address on "Tories and Turks."

Camilla's words had taught him to expect great things from the visit thus publicly proclaimed. He would soon know, now, what the result of it was to be—if, indeed, it could have any result at all.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GRATEFUL FRIEND.

One evening—it was the evening before that fixed for the delivery of Mr. Arden's Address—Lynn walked up the valley towards what had once been his father's works, and was now his sole patrimonial possession.

As he drew near the Factory of the Future, the moon rose—a red, humid disk—from behind a shoulder of the hills; and in her light the shadows of the tall chimneys ran out, black and definite, towards him. He crossed the stream by a ricketty bridge, and entered a grass-grown courtyard, strewn with heaps of brick and stone and rusty iron. In one corner there was a green, slimy pool; and in another an old crane, with an end

of chain dangling from it, rose spectral and gibbet-like in the vague light. The metals of the branch line of railway which had run into the Lynnfield works were now red with rust; and the weeds had pushed rank and thick round the rotting sleepers. The brick walls of the disused factory were cracked in places, and there was not an unbroken pane of glass in its whole frontage. The doors and windows of the Hall had been boarded up, and of the flag-staff on its turret-top only the stump remained. Above the entrance of the Hall Lynn could read the motto placed there by his father:—*Labor omnia vincit.*

In these surroundings, Lynn's thoughts at once took a fancifully saturnine colour. These ruins were his heritage; the ground he stood on was his own. There was something romantic in the idea, but it was doubtful whether anyone would see the romance but himself. When the dispossessed heir revisits the crumbling castle of his fathers, he swears to win it back, and to re-gild the

old escutcheon of his line. But allusions to Poictiers and Palestine would be out of all keeping with a factory; the Dispossessed would have to swear, if he swore at all, by his ancestral boilers and the shuttles of his sires. To revive the glories of Lynnfield might be a worthy ambition; but a knowledge of elementary book-keeping would be requisite in making the attempt; and Lynn knew his own deficiencies. "Had the factory, now, been a tower," he thought—"the dam there a moat, this girder a bit of old armour —I should have been looked on with respect. But as these walls are only tokens of an attempt to do good to the people, I am despised as the son of the man who built them! Who thinks the better of my poor father for all his benevolent scheming? The people here regard him as having been at best a kind of gentle lunatic —a man who threw away his fortune for a fad!" Lynn rather enjoyed such reflections as these. He thought of Rastignac in Balzac's great novel, looking down upon Paris

from the cemetery in which a martyr to kindliness had been laid, and swearing that thenceforth there should be war between the city and him. It is true that Lynn registered no such vow, as he looked down on Shawkirk from the Factory of the Future. But he thought to himself that it was a most objectionable place, especially for a poor man; and that the sooner he could get out of it the better. It must be said of Lynn that no reproachful feeling ever mingled with his thoughts about his dead father. He had heard a good deal said of Mr. Lynn of Lynnfield from first to last, and little that was not depreciatory. But he had never spoken his mind on this subject save to one person —his cousin, Gertrude Ingleby. And to her he had always spoken of his scarce-remembered father with a pity and regret that were quite unselfish.

Lynn's meditations were interrupted by the sound of footsteps. Turning his eyes to the entrance of the court-yard, he saw a gentleman advancing towards him. He

recognised the gentleman at once. It was Mr. Arden.

Mr. Arden came forward with an easy and confident step. The associations connected with the ruined factory had evidently no such effect on his mind as they had on Arthur Lynn's. He did not even look around him, but came forward with a pleasant smile on his face.

Mr. Arden held out his hand to Lynn, who feigned not to see it. Then he said, in the most affable way :—

"Mr. Lynn! I am so glad to have found you. I called at your rooms, and learned that you had walked out in this direction. So I took the liberty of following you here, as I wish to have a few words with you."

Mr. Arden smiled again as he said this. There was something in the smile, and in the tones of the musical voice, that reminded Lynn of Camilla, and softened him towards Camilla's father.

"You surprise me very much," he said;

"I should not have supposed that you could have anything to say to me—anything more, I mean."

"You allude to our last interview, Mr. Lynn, and I do not wonder at it. I am aware that I showed myself then in a very ungracious light. It is a painful subject for both of us—more especially, perhaps, for me."

"For you?"—said Lynn. "Pardon me, but I don't quite understand."

"I know that I must have seemed to you then—well, let us say, curt."

"That word will do as well as another."

"Not rude?"—said Mr. Arden; "I hope I was not rude? That would indeed add to the poignancy of my regret. But I know that at our last unfortunate interview, Mr. Lynn, I did show a want of consideration for your—feelings. I freely own it. A man at my time of life is so apt to be wanting in sympathy with a younger man. No sooner had you left me than I began to regret my words. But how was my self-

reproach increased, when I found out the fact about you which is the cause of my coming here to-night!"

"What fact?"—said Lynn. "The last time we met, Mr. Arden, I had no difficulty in understanding you. But I confess I have now."

"When we met in Leipsic, Mr. Lynn, I did not know in the least who you were. I did not find out until afterwards that you were the son of one to whom I owe a great debt of gratitude—Mr. Lynn of Lynnfield. You may perhaps have heard that I was once manager here?"—and Mr. Arden indicated by a wave of his hand the ruins around him.

"I have heard it," said Lynn, "since my return from Germany. I am glad to think you did not know before whose son I was."

"I did not," said Mr. Arden earnestly. "To me your father was a benefactor. I owe my success in life, such as it has been, in great measure to his kindness and liberality. Your father was a man, Mr. Lynn, whom no one could know without loving."

"I believe that is true."

"Yes—and so it grieves me more than I can say to think that I should have given pain, even unwittingly, to the son of one whose memory I shall always reverence. I should like you to forget what has passed between us. It was, believe me, the result of a mistake."

"It is not easy to forget such things," said Lynn.

"You must make allowance for the feelings of a father. I put it to you now, as a man of sense and—honour, how could I have acted otherwise than as I did? I trust that you will not allow the recollection of that unfortunate—episode, to prevent my numbering the son of Mr. Lynn of Lynnfield among my friends?"

Mr. Arden spoke with apparent feeling. Lynn had no reason to doubt his sincerity. He was conciliated almost in spite of himself.

"If I am ever to be a friend of yours, Mr. Arden," he said, "you must first understand that I hope your daughter may one day be

something more than a friend to me. I wish, you see, to be straightforward with you, as you have been with me."

Mr. Arden looked very grave. He was silent for a moment; then he said, as if with difficulty concealing his annoyance :—

"That is very right—very right, Mr. Lynn. But I could have wished, I must say, that you had not introduced my daughter's name into our talk—at least, not now. Believe me, it distresses me deeply to have to say anything which might pain the son of my old friend. But I must not allow my feelings of gratitude to blind me to my daughter's interests."

"I trust I should never ask you to do anything of the kind."

"I know you would not; but you and I very naturally look at this matter from different points of view. I hope I am neither ambitious nor mercenary in my views for my daughter. I may tell you that there is no one to whom I should confide her future more willingly than to the son of my old

master—that is, if I found he had inherited his father's heart and brain."

Lynn bowed and looked gratified. He began to think that he had been judging Mr. Arden harshly.

"But there is one thing I must ask you, Mr. Lynn—which perhaps I should have asked you when we met at Leipsic—What career in life have you marked out for yourself? What profession do you intend to follow?"

Lynn set forth his views in regard to the English Bar; and as he could not on this occasion envelop the theme in the usual glowing vagueness, he realised, perhaps for the first time, how disagreeably indefinite his prospects were.

"I think I have some power of writing," he added modestly; "and I believe that if I were once in London, I might be able to do something with my pen."

"It is, of course, impossible," said Mr. Arden, "that you can go on as you are doing here. My daughter tells me that it was your uncle who persuaded you to take this tutor-

ship. I cannot imagine what could be his motive. Have you yourself any notion of it, Mr. Lynn?"

"Oh yes—he really thought it would be the best thing I could do, in the meantime."

"That, of course, is nonsense," said Mr. Arden. "As for the English Bar, it is sheer insanity to think of that, unless one has an independence."

Lynn smiled. "In that case," he said, "I am afraid the Bar will have to do without me."

"But you tell me you can write," went on Mr. Arden. "Well, there is journalism; and if you have your father's instinct for politics, I think that would suit you. It was your father who first turned my attention to politics. There can be no doubt that newspaper men at the top of the tree have a position such as mere money cannot command. And if you really thought of journalism as a profession, I might be able to give you a helping hand. You are, no doubt, familiar with the name of Mr. Mallory?"

Now Mr. Mallory was an author who had been one of Lynn's favourite luminaries. He answered that he had studied Mr. Mallory's writings, and, in particular, his *Martyred Humanity* with peculiar interest and admiration.

"I know Mallory well," said Mr. Arden; "we belong to the same club. He edits the *Forum* now. It occurs to me that he may be able to give you a start somehow. At least, I could, if you wish, speak to him about you."

"I should be only too grateful," said Lynn.

"You will find him a fine fellow"—said Mr. Arden, who liked to speak of the great Editor as a 'fine fellow'—"a very fine fellow indeed. I suppose you could come to town on a few days' notice?"

"Certainly. There would be no difficulty about that."

"Very good," said Mr. Arden. "I leave this place at the end of the week—I am to deliver a political address to-morrow night, as you may have noticed. After I see Mallory,

if he seems able to do anything for you, I shall write you, and shall arrange for your meeting him at Hartington Gardens—at my house. You can do no good by remaining a day longer than is necessary in this horrible place"—and Mr. Arden looked with a face of disgust on the dingy piles, the blackened stalks and murky canopy of smoke that made up the view of Shawkirk.

As they walked towards the town, Mr. Arden conversed pleasantly, touching lightly on the leading questions and statesmen of the day. His tacit assumption that his companion must be quite familiar with these topics had the effect of putting Lynn in a good humour with himself; and his opinion of Mr. Arden continued to rise.

"Good-bye, my dear sir," said Mr. Arden, when they had come to Mr. Messer's house—"Good-bye. I hope we shall see you in London before long. And as for that other matter of which you spoke to me—let it lie for the present in abeyance. That is all I shall ask of you."

Lynn promised to do so, and they parted the best of friends.

"He talks a good deal about what he doesn't understand," said Mr. Arden to himself; as he strolled leisurely in the direction of his hotel; "how few of those young men know when to hold their tongues! He has a dash of his father's craziness, that is very evident; but he is, on the whole, saner. And yet, I don't know—I don't know! The idea of marrying on what he can earn by his pen!—the impertinence of his innocence is appalling. He has some cleverness, I can see; though he's not quite the génius that Camilla makes him out. However, I might have expected *that*. But it will *do*—yes, on the whole, it will *do*. The main thing is to get him up to London, and at once."

Lynn's reflections were of a somewhat different cast. He felt grateful to Mr. Arden, and more hopeful about the future than he had been. The disagreeable incident at Leipsic might be forgotten, now that it had been explained. Mr. Arden, he thought, was

charming. There had seemed to come with him a breath from the great world, in which such celebrities as the author of *Martyred Humanity* lived and moved; and this, to one who had been living in the stifling atmosphere of a narrow provincialism, was grateful as perfumed gales of Araby. Lynn could not but respect the man to whom the great Mallory appeared in the light of a 'fine fellow.' He was flattered by the interest shown in him, quite as much as he was surprised. And he was pleased by the way in which Mr. Arden had spoken of his father. The words of gratitude and respect had seemed to come from the man's heart; and they quite dissipated in Lynn's mind any disagreeable impression that had been left by Mr. Macritchie's innuendos.

Only one unpleasant thought mingled with his reflections. Had he been quite fair—he asked himself—quite open and above-board with Mr. Arden, as Mr. Arden had been with him? He had certainly not informed Camilla's father as to what had happened at

Sprayton ; he had found it, somehow, difficult to speak to Mr. Arden on this subject as he would have liked to speak. He must strive to make what reparation he could for having thus far been forced to act unfrankly towards the generous and grateful gentleman. One thing he might do in the meantime. It was an open secret that Mr. Arden's address on "Tories and Turks" was merely a 'feeler,' preparatory to his standing for the Shawkirk Boroughs, as soon as the seat became vacant. He might therefore do a little amateur canvassing on Mr. Arden's behalf, among the Messers and their friends. He knew that they liked him, and would be disposed to listen to anything he might say. With this idea, he knocked at the kitchen-door, and was received by old Mr. Messer with sad civility. There were several strangers in the kitchen, but neither Tam nor Wattie was present. A serious misfortune, as Lynn knew, had befallen the latter, and made a temporary blank in the domestic circle. Wattie, having been captured on the previous night in

possession of all his gear, as also of a large salmon gashed in a frightful manner with the 'cleek'—was now the tenant of a prison cell.

"This is a nephew o' mine, Jimmie Laidlaw frae Yetholm ways," said Mr. Messer to Lynn, indicating one of the strangers; "an' this is Calder, a frien' o' the hoose, an' yon's Carr. We were jist crackin' ower the ill turn things hae ta'en."

Lynn nodded, to express his sympathy and condolence.

"Ye see, Mester Lynn," continued the old man, "I'm no' mysel' the nicht ava'. Ye can easy understan' that it's a sair thing for ane at ma time o' life tae see ane o' his sons gaun sae far astray. I never thocht he'd hae come to this. I think I could hae bore it better gin he'd 'listed, or ta'en tae trampin' wi' the tinklers—but noo, I dinna ken hoo I'll ever look his auld mates i' the face again!"

"I think you're taking it too much to heart, Mr. Messer," said Lynn. "There will

be no difficulty about the fine, I suppose. The whole thing will blow over in a day or two, and no one will think a bit the worse of Wattie for it."

"Wattie?"—said the old man, who, with Laidlaw and Calder, had listened as if doubting whether he heard aright—"Wha was speakin' o' Wattie, Mester Lynn?"

"Why, is it not Wattie that's to be tried for poaching? I was told so."

"Wattie? Tried for poachin'? Aye, that's richt eneuch," said Mr. Messer; while Jimmie Laidlaw and the others stared at Lynn in breathless amazement. "But, Lord, that's naethin'! It's little Wattie's case wad hae fashed me. It's Tam—*he's gane an' turned a water-rat!*"

"Turned a *what?*"

"A water-rat, sir—a water-baillie—we ca' them water-rats here, ye ken—them that watches the water o' nichts, an' claps their han's on an honest lad that's takin' oot a bit fish at an orra time. Hech me!—tae think that ever a bairn o' mine should turn agin'

his auld mates, and tak tae trappin' his ain flesh and bluid!"

The matter was plain enough to Lynn now. Mr. Messer and his friends looked upon one of their class who became a water-bailiff much as the Crusaders would have regarded a Red-Cross Knight, who had deserted to the Soldan and become a Paynim Emir. Lynn sought to soften down their wrath against the renegade, but in vain. The mistake under which he had laboured, however, in supposing that Wattie's misadventure could be to them a cause of shame or sorrow, restored their self-complacency, and even diffused a quiet mirthful feeling through the group.

Lynn began to speak of Mr. Arden, delivering a warm eulogy upon that gentleman, and urging his hearers to be present at the delivery of the address on "Tories and Turks."

"Wasna' you aince near killed wi' a Turk, Calder?"—said Mrs. Messer to one of her guests.

"Ay," said Calder, an engineer who in

early life had made a voyage up the Mediterranean on board a steamer—"ay, but that wasna' in Turkey, Mrs. Messer. That was at a place ca'd Awthens."

"Called *what?*"—asked Lynn.

"Awthens, sir," repeated the engineer. "It's a place we touched at afore we ran up the Marmora. I mind," he added, "there was a guid shant there. That's a kind o' sailors' public-hoose, ye ken."

"Awthens — ay, that's whaur Paul preached," said Mrs. Messer, by way of elevating the conversation in deference to her lodger. But Lynn reverted to the excellences of Mr. Arden.

"I'm thinkin'," observed Mr. Messer, "he'll be gaun tae stan' for the Boroughs, whan auld Fletcher va-cates the seat. Sandy Tennant—he's jist a slater, Mester Lynn, but he's a gran' han' at the politics—was sayin' sae, but Sandy's no' jist a'thegither suir if he's *soond.* I'm jalousin' it'll no' be lang or we hae an election, noo."

"I'll be ower then," said Mr. Laidlaw with

animation; "I'll be ower then, an' auld Turnbull's comin' wi' me."

"He's no' gotten a vote, the spitefu' body, has he?"—asked the matron.

"That's what I said til' him," answered Mr. Laidlaw. "An' says he tae me, 'No' yet, the mair's the pity,' says he—'*but it's no' ilka day we can get tae hiss a gentleman!*' I thocht it was gey an' guid o' the auld man."

"I'm thinkin'," said Mr. Messer, "that what Tammas Turnbull disna' ken aboot the politics is no' warth kennin'. Ay—we maun hae *him* ower, to help us wi' the hecklin'."

"Sandy Tennant was sayin'," observed Mr. Calder, "that Coal Rob had been wantin' tae bring in Bailie Trotter for the Boroughs, if Arden hadna' been comin' forrat. There's some thinks, ye see, that the Bailie has mair claim on us, like."

"Ay, ay!—Bailie Trotter!"—said Mr. Messer. "I've heard tell he's turned a gran' han' at the politics, in toun. I mind fine whan he was a young man here—an' that's

mair nor five-an'-twenty years syne—he was a gran' han' at the fish o' nichts. There was ne'er a baillie amang them a' could get a grup o' him. Mony's the braw saumon him an' me's ta'en oot o' the yearl's water! An' he was the deidliest shot at the paitricks forbye."

These reminiscences seemed to create a strong feeling in Bailie Trotter's favour. It was as if they had shed a new light on the political situation.

"I've heard tell the Bailie was a fair de'il, baith at the fish an' the birds," said Mr. Laidlaw. "I daursa' Sandy Tennant was richt—he *has* mair claim on us than the likes o' Arden."

"Maybe he has," said Mr. Messer; "but we maun wait an' hear what Coal Rob an' the 'Saumon lads' hae to say aboot it. I doot, though, that the Bailie's turned teetotal. He wasna' that aince—faur frae't; but I've heard tell that he's come to *that*, i' the toun."

"If," said Mr. Calder with sudden vehemence, "if he comes here preachin' teetotalism,

I'll gang deid agin' him. I'd suner see a Tory in for the Boroughs than a Teetotaler, ony day!"

"Wheesht, man, Calder!"—said Mr. Messer reproachfully; "that's no' a richt way to speak ava'. I ken ye dinna' mean what ye say, but I canna' thole tae hear ye. I'm no sayin' I'm fond o' Teetotalism mysel', but there's mair nor *thát* in the politics. Wad ye see the Boroughs disgracin' theirsel's i' the een o' William Ewart Gladstone for the sake o' the drink?"

"Whan William Ewart Gladstone was here," said Mr. Calder, "I got a shake o' his han'."

"An yet ye could speak o' votin' for a Tory!"—exclaimed Mr. Messer. "I got a shake o' his han' mysel'," he added, and there was a proud ring in his voice—"An' I micht hae gotten to shake han's wi' Mistress Gladstone tae, gin I'd been a wee thing quicker forrat."

At this point the clock struck, and the third stranger, who had been sleeping peace-

fully during the political discussion, awoke with a start.

"I thocht that was 'shunt for fast!'"—he cried, as he stared wildly around him.

"Carr's a signalman on the railway-line, Mester Lynn," Mrs. Messer explained, seeing her guest's look of astonishment. "Ye'd be thinkin' the clock was the bell i' your box, na', Carr?—Man, ye're jist killin' yoursel' for the want o' sleep!"

"He'll kill mair nor himsel' yet, the way he's daein'"—said Mr. Calder portentously. "Ye're ower aften at the water at nicht, Carr"—he added, sternly—"whan ye're on the day-shift. It's no' richt—there'll be a fine smash for't, some o' thae days!"

"It's no' richt," Mr. Messer concurred; "man, Carr, ye're jist defraudin' the Company o' your sleep."

"I can aye wauken whan the bell rings," said Mr. Carr with a touch of indignant pride. "I'm a licht sleeper. Nae fear o' me, nor o' the trains neither!"

The Signalman and the Engineer then

entered into a technical discussion on the subject of 'flying shunts;' and as Lynn did not see that he could materially advance Mr. Arden's cause that night, he soon after betook himself to his own room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VIEWS OF MR. MALLORY.

"THE fact is, Mallory, I sometimes think I shall never be able to go through with it. I don't understand the kind of thing they want. If I did, of course I should be only too pleased to say it."

"The canker of hedonism must be burned out of you, Arden," said Mr. Mallory, who was seated with Mr. Arden in his room at the *Forum* office, discussing the coming election at Shawkirk. "You will warm to the work by-and-bye, when once you have tasted the delights of successful oratory—'wielding at will that fierce democraty.'"

"I had to taste a great deal too much bad wine when I was last down there," said Mr. Arden,

"Ah—the port and sherry of the British Philistine—I know;" and Mr. Mallory shook his head sympathisingly.

"I don't know how I am to hit it off with those people in Shawkirk," said Mr. Arden; and he seemed lost in a rueful retrospect. "It *is* hard on a man who only wants to please them. But they ask the most singular questions. They've got a slater down there" —he went on plaintively—"who knows a great deal more about the incidence of taxation, and perpetual pensions, and friendly societies—and that kind of thing, than is good for him—or for me."

"Wisdom crieth aloud upon the housetops," said Mr. Mallory.

"It is no matter for joking, I can assure you. I wish you had to harangue them yourself. I tried them with some of your pet notions, you know."

"Yes?"

"Yes—and I had invariably to mention Mr. Gladstone's name afterwards to stop the hissing."

"The admiration for Mr. Gladstone is, I know, a cult in those regions," said the Editor, apparently unmoved. "It is a thing I do not quite understand. I cannot reconcile it with the national worship of Burns."

"Neither can I," said Mr. Arden. "But look at this. When I was down there, I learned that a number of these people were sent to prison for poaching—"

"The neighbouring proprietors, as usual, demoralising the townsmen by their preserves?"

"That is what I said. I said there should neither be preserves nor game-laws. Well, somehow that did not seem to satisfy them. I fancy, you know, they want the game without the laws. I believe they would be satisfied by the mere abolition of game-keepers."

"Excuse me, Arden," said Mr. Mallory with a touch of asperity, "but you don't go into this election in the proper spirit. You really must eschew flippancy in politics. The flippant politician—as I have remarked in my

Martyred Humanity—is the gnat that stings the slumbering lion of Democracy. Now, why do you want this seat? Not that you may have the entry to the House's smoking-room? Nor because the letters 'M.P.' after one's name are a thing to conjure with on mining prospectuses? Of course not."

Mr. Arden, hearing his motives for desiring the seat thus accurately defined, said, "Of course not"—with almost angry emphasis.

"That is obvious," continued the Editor. "And when a man embraces politics—unless he is a nobleman, or an adventurer—he must be actuated by a desire to benefit his fellow-citizens."

"That is perfectly true, no doubt," said Mr. Arden. "It reminds me that there is one of our fellow-citizens whom I should like you to help me to benefit. Indeed, that was my chief reason for calling on you to-day."

Mr. Mallory's countenance darkened. For the first time, he did not respond promptly.

"He is a young man"—Arden went on—"rather clever, I should say. I knew his

father well. He ruined himself, through philanthropy."

"In spite of your warnings, I presume?"—said Mr. Mallory.

"Well—yes," said Mr. Arden. "He was an enthusiast—one of those people, you know, who are said to be too good for this world."

"It is the people who are too good for this world who fill me with terror of the next!"—said Mr. Mallory; "at least," he added, correcting himself, "they did so, before I had outgrown the theological phase of thought."

"Well, this young fellow wishes to get money by writing, and I thought—"

"Number Forty-Nine!"—said the Editor, and he sighed deeply.

"What do you mean by Number Forty-Nine, Mallory?"

"I?—Oh, nothing—nothing at all! I knew it was coming. Only this. Since I took up this paper, a year ago, I have had forty-eight Young Men of Genius introduced

to me—to provide for them. Every week my dear friends bring up relays of budding Fonblanques. They guide them into my room—forcing the consign—and make speeches about them. Generally these youths carry samples of their wares with them, which they lay in piles upon that table. It is in vain I indicate by a glance that the waste-basket is at their disposal. It is hard on the porter—but it is killing me. Does your young friend happen to be Scotch?"

"He does," said Mr Arden.

"Ah—a large number of these youths are so—fearfully and wonderfully Scotch. These are a haughty race, and esteem themselves so many Admirable Crichtons. Look at that!"—cried the Editor, producing a voluminous MS. from his desk—"look at that! That, sir, is the work of Number Forty-Eight—a Young Man of Genius. Genius, I may remark, I now define as an infinite capacity for *giving* pains. The writing, you observe, is ghastly. Parts of it are illegible. These are by far the best parts. I have no

doubt that the writer of this has been led into his evil courses by some novel, in which an impossible idler scribbles himself into affluence. Such stories are as wild as a fairy tale, or a missionary tract. They are generally the work of women, who ought to be forbidden by law to perpetrate such pestilent trash."

"Why, Mallory," said Mr. Arden, "I thought you were a staunch upholder of Woman's Rights?"

"Of course I am. I believe that, were the other professions thrown open to women, they would scribble less—and that is in itself a sufficient reason for their emancipation. There are certain characters in fiction on which a duty should be levied. And I should allow no female fictionist to introduce the young successful author, without paying the heaviest of all such imposts."

"So the long and the short of it is, that you can't give young Lynn a trial?"

"Not as a writer. He would not suit me at first, unless he were the very blue dahlia of

journalists. And, of course, I have no time to form him. But I might do this for him—your young friend, I think you said, is from the North?"

"Yes. From Shawkirk."

"Ah!—The promising son of a prospective constituent?"

Mr. Arden did not seek to improve on this theory of his motives.

"Is the young man ambitious?"—the Editor went on.

"I don't know. I suppose he is. At any rate, he wants very much to come to London."

"Not an uncommon trait," said Mr. Mallory. "Well, I can do this for him—solely on your account, Arden. One of my sub-editors has broken down—night-work, you know; eyes and lungs, and that kind of thing. Of course, if this were known, I should be at once deluged with applications. Now, I don't mind giving this young man a trial at poor Wicks's desk, if that will be of any service to you in your candidature. And as for the young man himself—if we suit

each other, and he can do the work, and stand it out for a few years, and is adaptable —he may rise eventually to a fair position."

"I suppose that will be the best thing for him," said Mr. Arden, a little doubtfully.

"Certainly," said the Editor; "certainly. It is much better, indeed, than he has any right to expect."

"Well—you might dine with me on Thursday of next week, and I shall ask Lynn to meet you. You won't object to that, I suppose?"

The apostle of social equality looked as if he objected to it very strongly. He did not wish to dine with his sub-editor about to be. He would sooner have dined with a bishop—much sooner, indeed. Before, however, he could impart an air of realism to the fiction of a prior engagement, Mr. Arden had added that he would also meet at his table an Anglo-Indian millionaire, who had an intimate knowledge of Indian affairs.

"I shall be very glad to meet your—ah—young friend," said Mr. Mallory. "And your

Anglo-Indian," he added, "may, perhaps, be able to augment the facts on which I base my contention that we ought to abandon India, at once and for ever."

"Very likely he may," said Mr. Arden. "Then we shall see you on Thursday"—and the Editor took up his pen as his visitor departed.

The gentleman whom Mr. Arden had thus approached in Lynn's interests held a high place in the world of letters. He was the most eloquent and thorough-going of iconoclasts. He maintained that England was at present an Inferno, in which a few men clad in purple and fine linen surveyed from a safe height the suffering myriads beneath. By repeating that this country was a very bad place, he had made it a very pleasant place for himself to live in. He was regarded as a singularly earnest reformer; and it is questionable whether he would have been led to give up his political projects even by permission to carry them into effect. His love of the working-classes was apparently dis-

interested, for none of them ever read any of his books, which were studied only by the classes he denounced and despised. He prided himself, and with justice, on being a practical man. Had he met the father of Hamlet on the moon-lit terraces of Elsinore, he would at once have begun mentally to draft a bill for extending the franchise to ghosts, and the hours of polling to cock-crow. He wrote vigorously, often brilliantly; his words being at times tipped with a peculiar, grave, exasperating irony; and if ever the shadow of a doubt flitted across his mind, it was never reflected in the clear mirror of his style. He had shown high editorial ability; and by dint of sheer, deft crotchetiness had made his paper both an influential political organ and a financial success.

Mr. Mallory was a tall, handsome man, of about forty-five years of age. He had sharply-cut features, which suggested the face of Voltaire; dark hair, keen bright eyes, and a silvery voice. Unfortunately, he spoke in an

affectedly indifferent manner; and this, combined with his habit of pausing and arching his eyebrows before answering a question, provoked in many otherwise staid and meek men a violent desire to strangle him.

Mr. Mallory went a great deal into society, where he was regarded as a kind of Apollyon become *viveur*, and was much courted and admired. He never refused an invitation from Dives or My Lord—if Dives were sufficiently rich, and My Lord sufficiently exclusive. At these entertainments, Mr. Mallory contrived to put a strong curb on his ethico-political feelings, and surveyed the silver, the liveries and the flowers without so much as murmuring a *ça ira*. He professed to hold the Philistines and their vulgar pomp in equal horror and contempt; but, when it suited him, could be 'eyeless in Gaza.' He had, indeed, a wonderful gift of modulating his manners and conversation to the society in which he found himself for the time being. His favourite style, however, was that of a Tribune of the People, in whom roughness had

become brusquerie, and who let a certain disregard for the conventional appear in the plainness of his language and the dictatorial expression of his opinions.

At Mr. Arden's table Mr. Mallory was a frequent guest. Mr. Arden gave good dinners, and passed for being rich. His banquets, however, were not so Lucullan, nor was his fortune so colossal, that these things alone would have brought the Editor of the *Forum* at such frequent intervals to Hartington Gardens.

CHAPTER X.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A FEW days after the delivery of the address upon "Tories and Turks," and the departure of Mr. Arden for London, Arthur Lynn received a letter from that gentleman, stating the result of his interview with the great Editor. "A chance such as this," Mr. Arden wrote, "may not occur twice in a lifetime. An opening on the staff of the *Forum* is quickly and easily filled up. I should recommend you, therefore, to leave Shawkirk at once, and make sure of an appointment which to many men would seem so desirable."

The receipt of this letter filled Lynn with an almost ecstatic joy. He wished to shake the dust of Shawkirk there and then from the soles of his feet. No mode of conveyance

hitherto invented would have been sufficiently rapid to meet his desires. He pictured to himself the office of the *Forum* besieged by swarms of hungry applicants, and the great Mallory holding them at bay, waiting for him, Arthur Lynn—yes, positively, for him! Had he been free to consult his own wishes, he would have started for London by the next express. That, however, was scarcely possible.

Mr. Macritchie offered no objection to his going; was sorry to lose the services of so able a tutor for his sons, but would not stand in the young man's light. He looked very grave, however, on hearing the name of Mr. Mallory's paper, which he described as "a vile organ, sir; a vile Radical organ,—the sworn foe of our most cherished institutions." Personally, he wished Lynn well; but could not congratulate him on such a start in life. He concluded by filling up a cheque; which was of more consequence to Lynn at the moment than Mr. Macritchie's advice or opinions.

Lynn next went to the Victoria Dye-Works. He learned, at the counting-house there, that his uncle was still in the North of England, but was expected to return to Sprayton at the end of the week. "I shall write to him there," thought Lynn, "from London—that will do just as well." Dick Ingleby, for whom he inquired, was out; he was nearly always out, the cashier said. Lynn was thus denied the satisfaction of bidding his cousin good-bye. For this, however, he felt no very poignant regret.

On his last day at Shawkirk, Lynn became almost reconciled to the grimy monotony of the place. There was something characteristic, he felt, in its utter want of the beautiful. He would not have had the chimneys belch out a less dense and murky cloud, nor the stream run a less purple and malodorous course. Shawkirk would be unique, impressive, Dantesque—to look back upon.

He had no farewell visits to make, before taking his departure. Mr. Lynn of Lynnfield had once been a great man in the

borough; but the Shawkirk capitalists had consistently turned the cold shoulder towards Arthur Lynn, the heir of his father's misfortunes. In the absence of his uncle's family, he had not a friend in the place—with the single exception of the Messers.

The Messers, indeed, were sincerely grieved by the departure of their lodger. They felt that he was going far away, very far—farther, in a sense, than even New Zealand or Manitoba. Neighbours of their own who had removed to those regions had sent home letters and newspapers to their friends, which proved them to be at any rate still alive. But London!—when once a man went thither he was lost, swallowed up for ever; he became a memory and nothing more. On Lynn's last night in Shawkirk, old Mr. Messer cast a gloom over the whole circle by relating how a cousin of his own had betaken himself in quest of fortune to the metropolis, and had there mysteriously vanished from mortal ken.

Mr. Messer and his son Wattie, now released from durance, accompanied Lynn to

the station next morning, bearing his portmanteau between them. Their manner towards him was mournfully affectionate; and they bade him a farewell as sad and solemn as though they never thought to look upon his face again.

"Ye see, Wattie," observed Mr. Messer sententiously, as they left the station, "what it is tae hae siller i' your pooch, an' what it is tae hae nane. I've seen the day whan auld Mester Lynn had frien's by the dizen; an' noo, whan the lad's settin' aff the Lord kens whaur, there's no ane to see the last o' him but the likes o' you an' me!"

So little comment had Arthur Lynn's departure from Shawkirk excited, that no hint of it reached the Inglebys at Sprayton, until there came a letter from Lynn himself. The letter was addressed to Mr. Ingleby, and bore the postmark of London.

The letter and its postmark threw Mrs. Ingleby and her daughters into a flutter of excitement. During the weeks that had passed since Arthur Lynn left Sprayton, they

had been speaking of him every day, picturing to themselves the dreary routine of his life in Shawkirk, and hoping that it might soon come to an end. Now, as it appeared, it had come to an end; but in a way that seemed to them inexplicable, and made them feel anxious. They knew that Lynn's hopes had always pointed to London; but he had said no word to indicate a purpose of going there immediately. That he should have left Shawkirk thus suddenly, in his uncle's absence, and without seeking assistance or advice, was a thing they could not understand. Then, he had no money, or next to none—they all knew that by this time; and the thought of her nephew cast adrift almost penniless in London — "where everything, you know, is so dear, and all the people cheat you"—filled Mrs. Ingleby's bosom with affright. Within half-an-hour after the receipt of Lynn's letter, his aunt had seen him starving in a cheerless attic, and had gone with him, in spirit, to the pawnbroker's, with a view to pledging his watch.

Whatever Gertrude's thoughts may have been, she did not utter them. But Caroline spoke out freely. Mrs. Ingleby had been remarking, for about the hundredth time, that she could not think what it all meant, and, Oh dear!—she hoped there might not be anything wrong.

"Mamma," said Caroline, "you don't need to put yourself in a state. *I'll* tell you what it means. It means that Arthur has gone off after that girl—that is all."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ingleby, looking fearfully round the room, "you must not say such things, when—"

"Oh, Gerty isn't here. I would not have said it if she had been. She always did keep herself to herself, but I can see that she is very—anxious, about Arthur. I don't think Arthur has behaved well to Gerty, mamma."

"You must not say such things, Caroline—you must not indeed!"

"Why not? Gerty has always been *his* best friend—and all the time that English

girl was here, he had neither a word nor a look for anyone else."

"She is so pretty!"—said Mrs. Ingleby; "and so clever!"

"Pretty!"—said Caroline; "she is perfectly lovely, I know that. But I don't think she is *true*, mamma. I daresay she is in love with Arthur—"

"Do you really think so, Caroline?"

"Yes, I do. I believe, now, that she came down here just on purpose to meet him."

"How you run on, child! The things you say quite take away my breath!"

"I can't help that, mamma. But I feel sure that she has told Arthur to come to London, and that Arthur has just gone. That's the whole mystery."

"Oh dear!"—wailed Mrs. Ingleby—"oh dear! What will your father say? He was so pleased with Arthur for taking the tutorship, and now this will only set him against him!"

The question, What would Mr. Ingleby say?—agitated the minds of his wife and

daughters during the next three days. Arthur Lynn's letter had come on the Thursday morning, and Mr. Ingleby was expected home from his English journey on the Saturday night. They laid the letter with the London post-mark uppermost on the writing-table in Mr. Ingleby's room, among the rest of his correspondence—and waited.

"Say nothing to your father about it, girls"—so Mrs. Ingleby counselled her daughters, as the hour of her husband's arrival drew near—"say nothing to him about it, until he has had his tea. It would only vex him, and make him unfit to take his food."

Mr. Ingleby came by the evening boat, and was met by his daughters on the quay. Mr. Ingleby was, for him, in excellent spirits. He had had a good journey; trade had been active; bad debts and bills wanting renewal unwontedly few. At the tea-table, he entertained his family with details of an enormity which had come under his own notice, and which seemed to afford him the liveliest satisfaction. A Bishop, somewhere

in the Midlands, had preached a sermon in a theatre—"Yes, positively in a theatre, a common play-house!"—a scandal from which Mr. Ingleby argued that the Anglican Establishment must be tottering to its fall. His wife and daughters appeared to be hanging on his words with rapt interest. In reality, they were thinking of the letter which lay on the writing-table upstairs. Not a word had yet been said regarding Arthur Lynn and his affairs.

"Have any letters come for me during my absence?"—at length asked Mr. Ingleby.

"They are in your own room, papa," said Caroline. Then Mr. Ingleby went upstairs.

Mrs. Ingleby and her daughters sat in the parlour, hushed into that silence which means that an explosion is expected. The minutes passed; still no sound came from the room above. Then Mr. Ingleby's footsteps were heard. Mr. Ingleby's manner of pacing a room was an infallible index to his mood. A slow step meant cogitation; a medium step, uneasiness; a swift step, anger, or some

other strong emotion. Now, his tread began by expressing fury; gradually slowing down into the heavy, measured tramp that denoted extreme anxiety of mind. Then the sound of his footfalls ceased. An hour had passed; and the suspense, to Mrs. Ingleby and her girls, was becoming almost more than they could bear. The news about Arthur must surely be very bad, since it had thus so completely 'upset' Mr. Ingleby.

"I think I shall go up to him," said Gertrude at last, "and see what it is that is wrong."

"Yes, do"—said Mrs. Ingleby and Caroline together. "And be sure to come back again immediately"—added the latter.

Gertrude opened the door very softly, and looked in. Mr. Ingleby was sitting at the table, with his head bowed down, and his face resting on his hands. The attitude filled his daughter with alarm, it was so unlike Mr. Ingleby. Her first instinctive fear was that he had been taken suddenly ill.

"Father!"—she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder—"you are not unwell? What is it?—tell me, father!"

Then Mr. Ingleby lifted up his head, and looked at his daughter. She had never seen such a look upon his face before. The combativeness, the self-assertion, the lofty sense of being always in the right which Mr. Ingleby's features commonly expressed were, for the moment, gone. He seemed so cast down, so absolutely crushed with anxiety, that his daughter pitied him. Mr. Ingleby, in the whole course of his life, had probably never been an object of pity before.

"Tell me, father dear"—the girl repeated —"tell me what is wrong!"

"Everything," replied Mr. Ingleby succinctly. "My dear, everything is wrong."

The accent of despair in which Mr. Ingleby uttered the word "everything"—the extreme gentleness with which he said "my dear"—heightened his daughter's anxiety.

"Is it—is it about Arthur?"—she asked, almost in a whisper.

Mr. Ingleby responded by a groan. Then—

"There is his letter," he said. "Sit down and read it for yourself."

Gertrude sat down, and read her cousin's letter. It was a good letter, which Lynn had taken some pains to compose. It told of the opening which had suddenly presented itself on the staff of the *Forum* newspaper, through Mr. Arden's influence with Mr. Mallory. Had it been possible, Lynn said, he would have taken counsel with his uncle before throwing up the tutorship, and leaving Shawkirk for London. But it had not been possible. Vacancies of that sort were too easily filled up to admit of his waiting; he had felt that it would be unwise to throw such a chance away; and he could only trust that his uncle would approve of the step which he had taken.

Mr. Ingleby watched his daughter as she

read, and saw that her face brightened as she went on.

"Why!"—she exclaimed at last—"this is not bad news at all! You made me expect something terrible, but this—this is really good!"

"*Not bad news?*"—repeated Mr. Ingleby very slowly; "*really good?* Do you know, Gertrude, what you are saying?"

"Yes," said Gertrude. "It *is* good news to me that Arthur has at last got the chance of showing what he is, and what he can do. I have wished for that *so* long, and now I am glad that it has come. You know, father, you said to Arthur yourself that the tutorship was to be only for a time, till something better offered. And surely this is something better?"

"Better?"—said Mr. Ingleby—"you are speaking in ignorance, Gertrude—you are pronouncing a judgment on things which you do not, and indeed cannot understand."

Mr. Ingleby's voice and manner as he said this were all his own. Contradiction had the

invariable effect of a tonic on Mr. Ingleby. It braced him up, even when prostrated by the shrewdest blow of Fate, or Providence.

"Better!"—he went on—"do you know anything, may I ask, of this man Mallory, whose hireling Arthur has become?"

"No—nothing beyond his name."

"Or of this newspaper, and the doctrines it disseminates?"

"I have never even seen it."

"Then, until you know these things, you had better keep silence about them. Your cousin, I tell you, is standing now on the brink of perdition—in saying that, I am not putting the case by one jot or one tittle too strongly. I certainly fail to see what there is in that to make you feel 'glad.' You should rather mourn and lament, and pray that he be not utterly undone!"

Mr. Ingleby, in saying this, was not consciously exaggerating. He was familiar with the name of Mr. Mallory. Though he had not seen the *Forum* newspaper more than

once or twice in his life, he had heard of it, and heard no good. Though he had never read a page of any of Mr. Mallory's books, he was thoroughly acquainted with their tendencies; at least, he thought and said so. Mr. Mallory himself he regarded as a soul-destroying Terror, the worst of all the Belials of Unbelief. Hitherto, however, Mr. Mallory had been to him a kind of abstraction, a far-off Ahriman, an incomprehensible agent of evil; whose existence in this world was simply inexplicable, like the origin of Evil itself. Now, it seemed as if he were suddenly brought into contact with this mystery of iniquity. There was contamination in the thought. His nephew, as it seemed to him, could never be wholly purged of the taint of this association. Mr. Ingleby had received no such shock since Arthur Lynn's father had started the Factory of the Future.

Gertrude said nothing by way of answer to her father's rebuke. No one understood Mr. Ingleby and his 'ways' so well as his elder daughter. She was quite aware that

his evident emotion had not yet been fully accounted for—that there was something more to tell. She knew also that to ask a question at that moment might have the effect of checking a revelation.

Mr. Ingleby looked at his daughter, as she sat thus quietly waiting until he should choose to speak. Then he began again to pace the room, with a slow, deliberate step. Gertrude knew what was passing in his mind, just as well as he did himself. She knew that he was inly debating the question, "Shall I tell her, or shall I not?"

For nearly five silent minutes Mr. Ingleby discussed this question within himself. His nephew's letter had been a heavy blow to him—how heavy, none knew but himself. That Arthur Lynn should now be writing articles for the paper of the impious Mallory was bad, very bad; but this other thing, of which his daughter as yet knew nothing, was infinitely worse. And the hardest thing Mr. Ingleby had to bear was the reflection that all this had been the outcome of his own

diplomacy. If he had not induced Arthur to go to Shawkirk as a tutor—for his own good—he would not thus have fallen into the toils. Mr. Ingleby could not but groan in spirit over this instance of the irony of Providence. In the case of any of his friends, such a thing would have been a Judgment. In his own case, it was a Trial—for Mr. Ingleby could discriminate.

Should he tell his daughter, or should he not?—it was a question not easy to determine. He had a high opinion of Gertrude's good-sense, and of her firmness of character. On the rare occasions when Mr. Ingleby wanted advice, it was from Gertrude he asked it. Now, he did not want advice—did not see that it could do any good, in face of such a catastrophe. Neither did he want approbation; the applause of his own conscience was quite enough for him. And it was also present to Mr. Ingleby's mind in a vague shadowy way, that if anyone were to be told this thing, it should be Arthur Lynn himself; and not, in any case, his own

daughter. But Mr. Ingleby, at that moment, sorely felt the need of being contradicted. Up to this point he had done his Duty, sustained by the mere conviction that it was his Duty. But Duty had led him into a very quagmire of difficulties, from which he could see no way of getting out. It might be that the stimulus of a little contradiction would clear his faculties and invigorate his will; and that Gertrude would supply the stimulus. Mr. Ingleby did not shape his conclusions so definitely as this. He was not given to analysing the feelings either of himself, or of other people. But he wanted very much to feel quite sure that he had been in the right; and nothing could make him so sure of that as to be told by someone else that he had clearly been in the wrong. So he decided that the great secret might now, with propriety and advantage, be disclosed to his daughter.

"Gertrude," he said at last, "this step which Arthur has taken is to me a terrible blow. You cannot realise it, because you do

not know all. If you did, you would share the feelings of cruel anxiety—I had almost said, despair—with which I regard your cousin's future."

"How, father?"—asked Gertrude, in a voice which she strove to make as steady as possible, but which, in spite of her, shook. Her father's look and manner, more even than his words, made her fear what he might have to say. What dreadful thing could Arthur be accused of, that her father should wear an expression of such utter hopelessness and gloom? She felt herself trembling all over; and even Mr. Ingleby, wrapt in his own troubles as he was, noticed how the blood had rushed from her cheeks, and left them ashen pale.

"My dear," he said, "you need not be frightened. Arthur has done nothing morally wrong. Indeed, he is to be pitied, rather than blamed. In the conduct of others there has been—or at any rate there may have been—a want of principle which I can only describe as iniquitous and—and dastardly in the extreme. But Arthur, whatever his failings, is candour

itself. On that score, I have never had the slightest reason to reproach him."

Gertrude gave a little sigh of relief. She had not misdoubted her cousin for a moment; but she had feared that her father might have heard some story to his disadvantage, and believed it. That, at all events, was not the case.

"Gertrude," Mr. Ingleby went on, speaking very slowly and solemnly, "you have always been accustomed to look on your cousin Arthur Lynn as a poor man—a man who must earn by his own labour the wherewithal to support himself in the world?"

Gertrude signified that it was so.

"Well," continued Mr. Ingleby, "now and henceforth that is—changed. Arthur is no longer poor—on the contrary, he is a rich man. I cannot give you the exact figures, but I know—"

"*Arthur a rich man!*"—exclaimed Gertrude; and looked at her father in amazement, as if unsure whether this might not be a ponderous attempt at pleasantry on the

part of Mr. Ingleby. But one glance at her father's face reassured her on this point.

"I repeat it, Gertrude, your cousin is now rich—richer than ever his father was—richer, by far, than I am."

"But—but are you *sure* of it? I can't take it in—it bewilders me—it seems all like a dream, what you say! Is there no doubt about it?—is it really true?"

"So far as I am aware—and the circumstances are probably better known to me than to anyone—there is not a shadow of a doubt about it. Yes—it is certainly true."

"Oh, I am so glad! I do not understand it—but if Arthur is no longer poor, I am so glad! I have always thought that was what Arthur ought to be—a man with—with independent means. Tell me all about it!—how did it happen, and when, and why have you not told us before?"

"I cannot answer in one word such a multitude of questions, Gertrude," said Mr. Ingleby, who had never before seen his elder daughter betray such excitement. "Nor do

I think that anything connected with mere money—the treasure that perisheth!—need have thrown your mind off its balance, as it appears to have done."

Gertrude felt this reproof to be a little unreasonable, in view of the emotion previously shown by Mr. Ingleby himself; but she did not say so. She kept silent for some moments, thinking; then gave her thoughts expression.

"Father, did you know of this when you made Arthur go to Shawkirk?"

"Certainly I knew of it," said Mr. Ingleby.

"And did Arthur know of it then?—but I need not ask that. Does he know of it now?"

"He does not," said Mr. Ingleby. "At least," he added, "not from me."

"Tell me about it, father. Now that you have said so much, you must let me know the whole."

"It is a long story," said Mr. Ingleby. "It begins at a time when Arthur and you were both children—more than twenty years ago.

You have heard me speak of your uncle, what kind of man he was—weakly generous, as I have always thought and said. There was a man in his employment to whom he did a great kindness—a foolish kindness—at least," added Mr. Ingleby, "it seemed so at the time. This man's name was Hume—Gilbert Hume."

"Yes?"

"This Hume went away from Shawkirk, and for twenty years nothing more was heard of him. Then he came back—a man of good character, and great wealth. His wealth was destined, every penny of it—for Arthur Lynn. He came to me one day at my office, and told me so."

"What else did he say to you?"

"He said," replied Mr. Ingleby abstractedly —"he said, among other things, that he was glad I had now shaken hands with him—"

"What did he mean by that?"

"He referred, I apprehend, to an—episode in our previous intercourse, which has nothing whatever to do with the matter we are talking of. The main fact is, that he had made a

large fortune out in Australia, and that your cousin was to be his heir."

"When was all this?—and why did he not go to Arthur, instead of coming to you?"

"It was in January of this year, while Arthur was still on the Continent. And he very properly came to me, assuming that I, as Arthur's guardian since his boyhood, must be able to inform him better than anyone else as to the young man's character and prospects—as to the probable effect on him of so sudden and total a change in his circumstances."

"And what did you say to him? Surely you did not speak against Arthur to this man who wished him well?"

"Gertrude!"—cried Mr. Ingleby very angrily—"I did not expect to hear such words spoken by you to me! You have always been given to taking your cousin's part, even against your father, to whom, as I should imagine, your highest obligation is due."

"Father!—I will take no one's part against

you! I know you would do nothing and say nothing that you did not think to be right. But you make me afraid—I cannot help it. What *did* you say to this man about Arthur?"

"I told him the truth. I said what my Conscience dictated, and nothing more. Had Arthur come back from Leipsic in October, as he promised to do, and busied himself with his studies, as he ought to have done —he would himself have met Mr. Hume, and all might have been different. But instead of that, he seemed to have given up all thought of serious work in life. There he was, loitering about the Continent, misspending his time and wasting his money—letting the future take care of itself, whilst he enjoyed the present—dangling at the skirts of that girl, who—"

"Father!—you should not say such things without being sure that they are true."

"True?—of course they are true! Did not Mr. Stronach tell us that Arthur had never opened a book—at least, none that

could do him any good—and that he went about with that girl everywhere?"

"Mr. Stronach is an ill-natured, malicious man. He dislikes Arthur, because he is cleverer than himself, a hundred times. He has simply tried to blacken Arthur's character."

"I am surprised to hear such an opinion from you, Gertrude. It is not mine—and remember, Judge not, that ye be not judged. But, apart from that altogether, the result spoke for itself. You cannot deny that he failed to pass an examination which I understand is childishly easy, to anyone who has worked for it in a reasonable way."

"I do not know about that—we do not understand these things, you and I. But the point is—did you tell all this to Mr. Hume?"

"I did," said Mr. Ingleby. "I felt it my duty to say so, and I said it. I expressed my strong opinion that Arthur was not yet fitted to have the absolute control of great sums of money in his own hands.

I had no apprehension that he would waste his substance in riotous living—God be thanked, he has never given me cause to fear *that.* But I did fear that he would live idly and spend foolishly—that he would give up all earnestness of purpose, and think only of adorning the tent of this earthly pilgrimage—that money would be a curse to him, and not a blessing. I did fear that, and I said it."

"And Mr. Hume believed you?"

"He did. He knew what the father had been, and understood what the son might become. He acted on my advice, and in that I think he did well."

"Then he has not seen Arthur? Where is he now?"

"I do not know where he is," said Mr. Ingleby, sinking his voice, and speaking very slowly; "I do not know where he is now. He is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes. He died suddenly in London, whither he went, after seeing me, in order

to arrange his affairs. That was in March —a month before Arthur came back from Leipsic. He was a mere wreck when he came to me in Shawkirk. Indeed, I did not think he had many days or weeks to live, then."

"And Arthur does not know?"

"He does not. When he shall know depends on me. Mr. Hume, by the will he executed after seeing me, left that entirely to my discretion—with a proviso. It is a heavy responsibility, and I feel it so. But I trust I shall find strength to bear the burden."

"And you let Arthur go to Shawkirk, knowing all this! You sent him to earn his bread as a tutor, without saying a word to him about this fortune that is his own!"

"Gertrude," said Mr. Ingleby more in sorrow than in anger, "it does not, I think, become you to bring this railing accusation against me. What I did was done, in part at least, for your sake—that is," he went on hurriedly, "for Arthur's true and highest interests.

I let him go to Shawkirk—nay, if you will have it so, I sent him there—to undergo the discipline of the poor man working for his daily bread. I told him that the money left him by his father was expended, all of it, which was strictly and literally true. I did not tell him of the money that had been left him by this stranger—the terms of Hume's will authorised, I will even say constrained me to keep silent. But I did seek to ascertain what was his frame of mind—what prospect there might be of his using his wealth to any good and wise purpose. And I was grievously disappointed in the result."

"What did he say to you, father? How was it that he disappointed you?"

"I spoke to him of Self Help. He informed me that Self Help, he had found, commonly meant helping yourself. I said that we knew not what a day might bring forth—that we sailed under sealed orders in this world. He said that was so; and when we opened them, we found as a rule nothing

inside. I asked him—by way of sounding him—what he would do in the event of his coming into money. He mentioned the name of some foreign place—some haunt of the idle and luxurious—and said that he should probably take up his dwelling there. That was all the satisfaction I got from him. It was not, I repeat, encouraging."

"You do not understand Arthur, father—you have never understood him."

"I not understand him!"—cried Mr. Ingleby—"when he has grown up from childhood under my own eyes—when he was entrusted to my guardianship by his father—when he has never wanted money without coming to me to get it! Gertrude, *what* do you mean?"

"Father, you have made a great mistake. I tremble to think of it. Arthur is a man, and you are treating him as a child. You have meant to do what is best, but believe me, only harm will come of it. You may wreck his happiness and ruin his life, before all is done!"

Mr. Ingleby stared at his daughter, as if he thought she had taken leave of her senses. He remained for some moments speechless; then he found breath to say:—

"What—what do you mean? What would you have me do?"

"Do!—I would have you go to Arthur now, this minute, if it were possible, and tell him the truth! He ought to have known it at once, and the longer you leave him in ignorance, the worse it will be. Father, you know what has come of it already—you have been the means of sending him to London, and throwing him into a kind of work which you say is bad. And if you do not tell him, you will end in setting him against you—against us all! Oh, father, listen to me—tell him, tell him now!"

Mr. Ingleby looked at his daughter again. She had risen from her chair, and come forward to where he was standing. Her cheeks were flushed now, and her eyes sparkled, as she made this appeal; she had stretched out her hands, as if to enforce it.

The earnestness of her conviction, the eagerness of her words, impressed Mr. Ingleby in spite of himself. A chill came over him, as he thought what this almost impassioned advocacy might mean—for Mr. Ingleby had a heart, hidden away somewhere in the recesses of his being.

"Gertrude," he said, gravely and kindly, "you do not think what you are asking me to do. I had a motive in keeping the knowledge of all this from Arthur while he was still in Germany—and, again, during the days he spent with us here. The same motive is stronger with me now. If Arthur had this money at his disposal, now, what do you think he would do with it, and with himself?"

"I—I do not know," said Gertrude faintly.

"But I know," said Mr. Ingleby—"at least, I can guess too well. He would go straightway and cast himself at the feet of that vain and worldly girl—that—that Moabitish woman, who—"

"Oh, stop, father, stop—I cannot bear it!"

—The girl's voice was sharp with pain, she trembled from head to foot, and her eyes had a look of wildness in them which her father had never seen there, nor thought to see. Then Mr. Ingleby knew it all; and a pang of self-reproach, terrible to such a man, pierced him like a knife. This, then, was the fruit of his scheming! This was the penalty he must pay for Duty done—not, as he now recognised, with the pure unselfishness he had made his boast. Mr. Ingleby had been accustomed to talk slightingly of the love of young men and maidens; seeing his daughter, pale and suffering, before him, he did not think that he would ever talk so again.

"Gertrude!"—he said, in a kind of awe-stricken whisper—"what is it, my dear? What is it you cannot bear?"

"Oh, father, I love him so!—I love him so!"—Then there was a rush of tears; and Mr. Ingleby, his own eyes wet and his hand shaking, had folded his daughter in his arms. The Man of Duty was lost in the Father.

He clasped her slender form closely to him; he stroked her dark, silky hair; he called her his dear Gertrude, his own girl, his best-beloved child—exhausting the resources of a vocabulary for which no one would have given Mr. Ingleby credit. Sore-stricken at heart as the girl was, it was a consolation to her even then to find how dear she really was to this undemonstrative father.

"I have been to blame!"—said Mr. Ingleby. "I have been to blame!"

"No, no, father—do not say that! What you have done has been for the best. Do not accuse yourself—I will never accuse you."

"Still I have been to blame," repeated Mr. Ingleby. "Not as regards my standing between Arthur and his immediate possession of this money—for therein I did well, and would do it again. But as regards other things—yes, I have been to blame."

His daughter knew to what he referred, and said nothing. Had her father not come betwixt Arthur Lynn and herself, they might

have been affianced lovers at that hour. But she would not reproach him.

"Gertrude — my dear girl" — said Mr. Ingleby—"calm yourself, I beseech you. Sit down, and let us think what it is most fitting that we should do. You shall be judge in the matter. I shall do whatever you think right."

"Then go to Arthur, father, and tell him all. I still think—I know that that is what you ought to do."

"Never!"—cried Mr. Ingleby, starting up from his chair, and resuming his march through the room, this time with swift, decided step. "Never!—I will not do it! Gertrude, how can you suggest such a thing, knowing what the result would be?"

"It is because I know it that I ask you—nay, beg of you to do this! Arthur's whole happiness in life may be in your hands just now. He will hold you answerable, if—"

"I cannot help that," said Mr. Ingleby. "It is not to him that I must answer finally for what I do. I am not of those who love

the praise of men, or who care for their disapproval, so long as I have done what the voice within me declares to be right. I am not thinking of your interests at this moment, Gertrude—no, as the Lord liveth, I am not thinking of myself or you! I am thinking of the young man himself, and of the frightful peril in which he stands!"

"I think you speak too strongly, father. I think—I know you are wrong."

"Not so," said Mr. Ingleby; "not so. Wedded with such an one as this girl, I should regard my nephew as a lost and fallen man!"

"Father!—do not say such things. You have judged her harshly, I am sure of it."

"How? Harshly!—It is true that her ways are not our ways; that her views of life, her tone in conversation, even her dress, in fact, everything about her, are to me unfamiliar and displeasing—I might almost say repugnant. But not for these things would I blame her; she is, I doubt not, what her circumstances and training have made her—a slave to the lust of the eyes and the pride of

life. It is her conduct towards Arthur that I cannot forgive—that is, I shall be unable to forgive it, if it has been as I think, and fear."

"Her conduct towards Arthur? Why, it is for that I think well of her—even admire her. I believe that she—that she loves him, father. I saw that—I could not but see it, while they were together here. She came to us, I feel certain, on his account—on the bare chance of meeting him. What there may have been between them I do not know, but of that I am almost quite convinced."

"And you think such conduct to be admired?"

"I do. It shows that she is disinterested—that she loves him only for himself. If that is so, she would not ruin his life, father. He would be happy with her."

"Gertrude," said Mr. Ingleby, "you are very guileless—God forbid that you should ever be less so, or that I should teach you to distrust your fellow-men. But I am, I confess, less disposed to believe in such disinterestedness than you. If that young lady

came here for the purpose of meeting Arthur under my roof—and that she may have done so is, I apprehend, by no means improbable—I should be inclined to draw another inference from her proceedings. I should look elsewhere for her motives either in coming here, or in drawing Arthur after her to London."

"Surely, father, you do not think—"

"I think nothing!"—exclaimed Mr. Ingleby with vehemence; "I know nothing! But I have my suspicions, and I fear they may not prove altogether groundless. Why did this man Arden—a man who is mercenary to the core, whose one thought in life is to get money, and whose way in the world has been made by pitting his own craft against other people's simplicity—why, I say, did he seek out Arthur in Shawkirk, and do the things for him that he has done? How, I say, are you to account for such behaviour?"

"Arthur says in his letter, does he not, that it was out of gratitude to my uncle Lynn?"

"That explanation may satisfy Arthur, but

it does not satisfy me. I never was of those who blamed this Arden for your uncle's ruin —his own mad projects, taken up in spite of all my warnings, were quite sufficient to account for that. But nothing that I know of the man—and my acquaintance with him did not begin yesterday—would lead me to believe strongly in his gratitude. He is not, I am afraid, one of those who do good and lend, hoping for nothing again. If he makes himself useful to Arthur—if he encourages him as a suitor for his daughter—it will be for a purpose of his own. He will expect to be repaid—and not in gratitude."

"I see what you mean. But I will not believe it."

"And why, may I ask?—Why should you not believe it?"

"Because that would be to make Camilla Arden a heartless schemer—the partner in a plot to get Arthur's money; and I will not believe that of her. And besides, how can these people know, when Arthur does not know himself as yet?"

"As to that I can say nothing," replied Mr. Ingleby; "but if it indeed be as I am almost induced to suppose, then—"

What Mr. Ingleby would do in that event he did not say aloud; but the tone of sombre menace in which he spoke, the frown which furrowed his brow and drew his thick bushy eye-brows together, pointed to the conclusion that it would be something terrible. Mr. Ingleby's melting mood had passed quite away at the bare thought of this possible conspiracy to get possession of Hume's heir and his inheritance; and the galling sense of his own powerlessness in the matter made him, for the moment, oblivious to his daughter's suffering.

"I can do nothing!"—he said at last, after some minutes of gloomy thought—"nothing! If I say to Arthur, 'All this money is yours'—his first step would be to ally himself with that pernicious young woman. If I say to him, 'This man is selfish and cunning, and his daughter is as bad as he; they have known all along what you know now, and

they have used their knowledge to defraud and befool you'—he will ask me to prove my words, and that I cannot do—yet. They would deny it, and he would take their assertion against mine. I can do nothing—nothing!"

"But you may be quite wrong in this idea, father. It may not be as you say. I will not think it of Camilla!"

"Think of her what you please," said Mr. Ingleby; "but for the present say not a word to any one about what I have told you. To let Arthur know the truth at this moment would be folly, sheer folly; a little calm reflection will, I think, show you that. Were I to do so, indeed, I should be running counter to the purpose of the man who left his riches to my nephew. His desire was—it is expressly stated in his will—that a life of happiness and usefulness might be opened to the son of his benefactor; that he might have the opportunity of doing some good work in his day and generation, freed from the restraints of poverty, and alive to the

responsibilities of wealth. That object—and a most praiseworthy one it is—that object would be defeated, were Arthur to fall under the influence of such as this man Arden and his daughter. I will not do it, Gertrude—no, my Duty forbids me, and I will not do it; on that I am resolved. I shall wait, and keep silence; and I must request, even command, that you do the same. The time may come" —added Mr. Ingleby, with another minatory scowl—" when I shall have the opportunity of interposing with effect—when I shall be able to lay bare this iniquitous conspiracy—if such it be—and to come forward with the evidence of what I only suspect just now. When that time comes, I shall know what to do. And now, Gertrude, let us go downstairs."

CHAPTER XI.

AT HARTINGTON GARDENS.

The morning after his arrival in London, Lynn found himself wandering about the South Kensington district, in a mood that was half-joyous, half-despondent. He was in London, and Camilla also was there—that accounted for the joy. But he had come from a modest, not to say mean, hotel in the neighbourhood of the Strand, to find his sweetheart somewhere in this region of rich men's houses—and that accounted for the despondency. This latter feeling gained upon him, as he drew nearer to Hartington Gardens.

The houses in Hartington Gardens are very large and grand. Lynn had hoped to find Mr. Arden's house one of the smallest;

but it proved to be among the most imposing. It stood some way back from the street, with a garden in front of it—or rather, a crescent-shaped plot of well-trimmed turf, bordered with flowers and shrubs, and skirted by the carriage-drive. The house itself was built in the style of an Italian villa, with a loggia running round it, and a pillared portico, approached by a flight of low, broad steps. Lynn went up those steps in some trepidation, now that he had seen Camilla's home.

The door was opened to him by an impassive-looking man in black, who took his card, cast one swift glance at it, and asked Lynn to follow him upstairs. This gave Lynn the idea that his visit had not been unexpected.

He passed through a hall lined with blue tiles and black marble, where the sunshine rested duskily on the tesselated pavement. The light streamed softly through the painted windows; his feet sank noiselessly into the thick-piled carpets; the servant glided before him like a shade.

The signs of wealth and luxury around him made Lynn feel uncomfortable. He was ashamed of the feeling, but he could not help it. It has been said that it is best to make love in a palace. That is a point which it is difficult to decide from experience. At that moment, Lynn felt that he would have much preferred to meet his sweetheart in a log-hut.

His silent guide paused at a door whence came the sound of music, announced his name, and retired. A girl who was seated at a piano at the further end of the great room arose with a little cry of surprise, and came fluttering towards him, in a dress that seemed all ripple and shimmer.

"Oh, Arthur! At last!"—she said; and in a moment she was in his arms. Lynn forgot all his misgivings at the sight of the beautiful girl before him. She drooped her head at his ardent gaze. "How he loves me!"—she thought; "I might tell him all now—it would not matter."

A minute after, Lynn found himself sitting

on a couch by Camilla's side, answering a fire of questions.

"You cannot think," she said, "how I have longed for your coming! I have counted the days. And I am so glad that you have made it up with Papa. He has told me all about it."

"Your father has been more than kind to me, Camilla," said Lynn. "Indeed, when I think of what he has done, I almost doubt whether I ought to be here."

"Why?—what can you mean by that, Arthur?"

Lynn did not answer directly, but his eye wandered over Mr. Arden's drawing-room, and back to Camilla's dress, which spoke of Paris in every ruche and fold.

"I see what you are thinking of," said Camilla. "Do not, if you want to please me, do not say—what you were going to say!"

"How can I help feeling so, Camilla? And if I feel it, is it not better to say it? Should we have any thoughts that we cannot tell to each other?"

"I know what is vexing you, Arthur"—the girl said, a little hurriedly. "It is your old fear of being always poor. Why should you think such things of yourself? I know that it will not always be so; that—that you will yet make your way in the world. You are in London—you are friends with Papa—oh, Arthur, in the meantime let us be happy together!"

"I am happy," said Lynn; "perfectly happy, just now."

"And but a few months ago, how far from being happy we were!—at least, I was. You should think of that, Arthur."

"I do think of it, dearest. I shall never forget the dark days I passed, after you left Leipsic—how I wandered round all the old familiar places, thinking how strange they looked without you."

"But all that is over now."

"Yes—it is over. But even after that night on the sea-shore—even now, Camilla—I torment myself with the thought that my love for you has made me selfish. I seem to

be taking all, and giving nothing. How different it is with you!"

"Arthur!" cried the girl, with an agitation that was manifest—"I will not have you say such things. You are all the world to me. I only care to have you beside me—I keep myself from thinking of what may be afterwards."

"My love!"—said Lynn. "I have a perfect faith in you. I have never misdoubted you—even when you left me, I did not blame you in my thoughts. But I cannot forget what I am, and what you are. I know what the world would say of such a suit as mine. And now that your father has treated me with such kindness, I feel almost as if I were guilty of ingratitude in seeking you for my own."

"Don't talk of ingratitude. What he has done for you is a mere trifle. Perhaps—if you knew all—you would not think so much of it."

"Knew all, Camilla? How? What can you mean?"

"I mean—that my visit to Sprayton was

not carried through so easily as you may have thought."

"Then it *was* to see me again that you went there?"

Camilla blushed. "Yes, Arthur," she said —"I did hope that I might meet you again. I don't see why I should not tell you that. I was always thinking of you—Papa knew that quite well."

Lynn rose from the couch, and began to pace restlessly up and down the room.

"Camilla," he said, "after this, I must not lose you a second time! I could not bear it. I think I could face anything, sooner than that!"

"Arthur!"—cried Camilla—"do sit down —anywhere! Here is my—"

Just then the door opened, and there appeared a sallow, sharp-featured, elderly lady, clad in the weeds of widowhood. This was Mrs. Chevenix, Camilla's aunt, who regulated Mr. Arden's household affairs, and exercised a shadowy duennaship over his daughter.

"I did not know you had a visitor, Camilla," remarked this lady, with a glance at Lynn which said unmistakably:—"So you are the young man!"

"Arthur—Mr. Lynn"—said Camilla, "let me introduce you to my aunt, Mrs. Chevenix. Did French not tell you, Aunt Elizabeth, that Mr. Lynn was here?"

"He did not," replied Mrs. Chevenix. Then she sat down, and said no more.

Lynn marvelled at the swiftness and ease with which Camilla, on the advent of Mrs. Chevenix, had assumed the mask of society. Her voice and manner had changed in an instant. Instead of the blushing, impulsive girl, he saw now the bright-witted woman of the world. He resented the intrusion which had brought about this transformation. Mrs. Chevenix, he could see, was not likely to favour his suit.

Camilla at once began to talk to him about his prospects in connection with the *Forum* newspaper. At the first mention of the name of Mallory, he observed Mrs. Chevenix shake

her head mournfully, till every bugle in her coiffure trembled.

"Aunt Elizabeth does not like Mr. Mallory," explained Miss Arden.

"I look upon him as an Iconoclast," said Mrs. Chevenix, pronouncing the word as though it were a summary of all evil.

"Indeed? And what is your opinion of him, Miss Arden? You know I take a special interest in him now."

"I believe there are more Mr. Mallorys than one," said Miss Arden. "The Mr. Mallory who dines here has two styles in conversation. He talks to-morrow's paper at those whom he despises, and he talks yesterday's paper at those whom he despises still more."

"Then you dislike him?"

"Oh, he is too great a man to be disliked. But I detest him. He talks of nothing but Humanity, you know. I don't quite understand it, but I think Humanity is so good that we are to fall down and worship it—no, it's so bad that it must be pitied, and taken down

and made up again—I forget which it is. But I wish they'd do something for it, or with it, for I know it gives me a headache every time Mr. Mallory comes."

"This is discouraging," said Lynn.

"Oh, I must not poison your mind against the Editor! He is a friend of Papa's, and we all hope he's going to do great things for you, Mr. Lynn.—Besides, perhaps *your* Mr. Mallory won't talk Humanity!"

"Camilla," said Mrs. Chevenix, "do you know that the gong will sound for lunch in less than half-an-hour? And do you remember that Mr. Dulcimer is coming?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Elizabeth, and I'm not going to dress for Mr. Dulcimer, if that is what you mean. Of course, Mr. Lynn, you will stay lunch? Papa will expect to see you."

Lynn did not see that Mrs. Chevenix's gloomy silence need prevent his accepting this invitation.

"You will meet one of our living poets," said Camilla—"a poet who publishes."

"Mr. Dulcimer," said Mrs. Chevenix, "is a young man of great talent, who has already made his mark in literature."

Lynn began to speculate whether, when the living poet appeared, he would not devote himself to Mrs. Chevenix, who seemed to be one of his admirers. That would be the next best thing to Mrs. Chevenix taking herself off altogether, and allowing him to resume his *tête-à-tête* with Camilla.

A few minutes later Mr. Dulcimer was shown into the room. Mr. Dulcimer was a tall young man, dark and pale-faced, a year or two older than Lynn. He walked with a slight stoop, peering the while through his pince-nez as if he were exceedingly short-sighted. There was nothing dishevelled about Mr. Dulcimer. The fit of his surtout was perfect; he wore a camellia at his button-hole; and a faint odour of stephanotis accompanied him whithersoever he moved. Lynn remembered having read somewhere that you can always judge of a man from his hands and his feet. He looked at the poet's pearl-

grey gloves and small shiny boots, and thought that he had 'taken the measure' of Mr. Dulcimer. He had, however, reason to think afterwards that this generalization had been somewhat rash.

Mr. Dulcimer shot one glance at Lynn, which was not that of a short-sighted man; then dropped with elaborated languor into a chair.

"You seem exhausted, Mr. Dulcimer," said Mrs. Chevenix. "The heat to-day is certainly oppressive."

"Yes," said Mr. Dulcimer—"oh, yes. But it is not the heat. The truth is, I have just passed through an Ordeal—an Ordeal, Mrs. Chevenix."

Every one looked at Mr. Dulcimer—Mrs. Chevenix sympathetic, Miss Arden amused, Lynn amazed.

"I think you have met Floyd, the seascape painter, Miss Arden?"—the poet went on—"Yes?—I have been with him this morning. He drew me into his studio. And it haunts me."

"Were Mr. Floyd's pictures so overpoweringly beautiful?"—asked Miss Arden.

"I am sorry for poor Floyd," Mr. Dulcimer continued. "His life is one long, hopeless struggle with pigments. And his friends suffer for it. But I have myself to blame. I should not have allowed myself to be drawn in thither. I ought to have known what I should behold in that Chamber of Horrors."

"But what *did* you see, Mr. Dulcimer?"—asked Mrs. Chevenix. "Was it wax-works? They do make them very horrible, sometimes."

"There was a sea," said Mr. Dulcimer, speaking even more slowly and sadly than before—"a green sea, with a red sun. I thought the picture represented a billiard-table, with a billiard-ball on it. But no; it was a sea. It had once been liquid, no doubt. But it had become solid, when I saw it."

He sank back in his chair, as if exhausted by the delivery of this epigram. Lynn looked at Miss Arden and Mrs. Chevenix, to see how this style of monologue affected them. Neither showed any sign of surprise; and he concluded

that this must merely be Mr. Dulcimer's way.

"Yes," continued the poet musingly, "it was an Ordeal—a cruel Ordeal. There was poor Floyd, gazing now at me, now at that green horror—yearning for praise, and I could not utter a word. I stood as one petrified. 'What do you think of it?'—said poor Floyd. 'Think of it?' I said, 'I shall dream of it!' 'What do you mean?'—said poor Floyd. 'Floyd,' I said, 'words are weak. Reds and greens are strong. Let me go now.' And I passed from that place. But it haunts me."

"You move us to pity, Mr. Dulcimer," said Miss Arden with veiled satire. Then she turned the conversation to the subject of Lynn's first impressions of London. This theme reduced Mr. Dulcimer to silence for the time. He seemed overwhelmed by the thought that a man, not outwardly a savage, should have reached Lynn's years without once beholding the metropolis.

"By the way, Miss Arden," he said at last, in an interval of the talk, "I did not see you

at that garden-party at Chiswick, yesterday? I was glad—yes, glad, that you were not there."

"Thanks," said Miss Arden.

"For *your* sake, I mean," went on the poet. "It was a dread gathering"—here he smiled faintly. "These people have absolutely no idea of Repose. Can you guess, Miss Arden, what was the original feature of this entertainment? They went out into a meadow, with rakes, and made hay. They did, I assure you."

"I should think that must have been very nice," said Miss Arden.

"Oh, no, no—you cannot think so—you cannot indeed!—Now, I have an idea for a little gathering, of quite another kind, at that place of mine up the river. I call it a Sylvan Reunion. There will be no hay-making there."

"But won't it have an original feature, Mr. Dulcimer?"

"Oh, yes—yes. There all will be Repose. My guests shall be a chosen few—among

whom, Miss Arden, I trust you will let yourself be numbered—and my idea was that we might take among us the parts of those story-tellers in the *Roses of Sybaris*—"

"You must know, Mr. Lynn," said Miss Arden, "that that is the name of Mr Dulcimer's book."

"It is a dream of the South," Mr. Dulcimer explained—"the dream of one to whom the North is eternally uncongenial. Have you, Mr. Lynn, never felt this longing for the South?"

"Well, yes. But then, you see, London is the South to me."

"Ah, yes. True. I forgot. Of course, it must be so to Scotchmen. To me, Mr. Lynn, Italy is the South. In that little book of mine, I take my readers thither. I have sought to bathe my verses in the glow and languor of the South. And I have striven to chisel every line after the manner of my Master."

"How? Your master, Mr. Dulcimer? I don't understand—" said Mrs. Chevenix.

"I call Théophile Gautier Master," said Mr. Dulcimer. "But the setting of my story resembles that of the *Decamerone*. The scene is laid in a garden—the garden of Theon. Theon is the lover of Autonoë, the tyrannic Archon's daughter. The Archon permits the youth to wed Autonoë, on condition that he dies ten days after the nuptials. The youth accepts these terms, and with Autonoë and his friends whiles away the allotted interval in story-telling, among the myrtles and roses of Sybaris. My idea was, Miss Arden, that we—my friends, that is, and myself—might take among us the parts of those story-tellers, reading in turns from my little book."

"Yes, I see," said Miss Arden. "But what is the end of it all, Mr. Dulcimer? Does the cruel Archon relent, or is the poor young man really killed?"

Mr. Dulcimer's face became rueful. For a moment or two he did not answer; and when he spoke, his voice had completely lost its supercilious suavity.

"I—I thought," he stammered, "that—that you would have read the book. I sent you the volume, I remember—indeed, I see it there"—and he turned his gaze towards a table where lay a copy of the *Roses of Sybaris*, splendid in purple plush and ivory.

Miss Arden had evidently forgotten having ever received the volume. Lynn was glad at that. Yet he could not help compassionating the poet, he looked so crestfallen. Miss Arden, however, showed herself equal to the emergency.

"Did not you yourself tell me, Mr. Dulcimer," she answered with a sweet smile, "that poetry—and especially such poetry as yours—must be read with a 'lingering slowness'? On second thoughts—don't tell me the end just now. That would spoil the interest.—You yourself, I suppose, will take the part of Theon?"

"That," said Mr. Dulcimer, "depends upon the Autonoë. I had hoped, Miss Arden, that—"

The confession of Mr. Dulcimer's hopes, however, was frustrated by the simultaneous sounding of the gong and entrance of Mr. Arden.

Mr. Arden greeted Lynn with much cordiality.

"So, Mr. Lynn," he said, as he shook hands, "you have escaped from the house of bondage! I am so pleased to see you here!"

Mr. Dulcimer noted the *empressement* of Mr. Arden's manner, and drew his own conclusions from it.

"Next time I go down to Shawkirk," Mr. Arden went on, "and see your friends there, I shall be able to tell them that you are on the high road to fame and fortune!"

Mr. Dulcimer was completely puzzled. This young Scotchman, then, had his fortune still to make! Mr. Dulcimer had never met a poor young man in that house before.

After lunch, host and guests went out to smoke a cigar in the loggia. The drawing-room windows opened into the loggia; and

Lynn, hearing the sound of a piano, was not long in making his way within. Mrs. Chevenix was off duty, and the *tête-à-tête* was resumed.

"What do you think of Mr. Dulcimer, Arthur?"—asked Camilla at length.

"Well," said Lynn, "at first, you know, I thought he was a foolish man pretending to be clever; but now I'm not sure that he is not a clever man affecting to be a fool."

Just then Mr. Arden and the poet came into the room through the open window. Lynn's ear distinctly caught the words 'carry-over' and 'contango.' The voice was Mr. Dulcimer's; and Lynn, though he did not know the precise meaning of those terms, was quite sure that they could have nothing to do with dithyrambs.

"I hope you are free on Thursday, Mr. Lynn?"—said Mr. Arden. "That is the day when Mallory dines here, and I want you very much to meet him. Will you join us, Dulcimer?—It is a small party, quite *sans façon*, you know."

Mr. Dulcimer was altogether of Legouvé's opinion, that "le diner sans façon n'est qu'une perfidie." But he knew the capabilities of Mr. Arden's *chef*, and accepted, as did Lynn.

"You will enjoy Mallory's society," said Mr. Arden. "He has a wonderful flow of conversation."

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by Frank Murray, 9 *and* 11 *Young Street, Edinburgh.*

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